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The Week

THIS has been another week of grave anxiety in the capitals of Europe. While the international forces are on the whole setting toward peace and not war—with the possible exception of the Far East—there is always the likelihood that some sudden and unpredictable incident may take the situation out of the diplomats' hands. The major developments in connection with the crisis during the past seven days are discussed below.

THE Italian military advance in Ethiopia continues, as everyone knew that it would. While there has been some fierce fighting, and the Italians have shocked the world by their attacks on the civilian population and the use of latest murder-machinery against soldiers whose equipment is that of the eighteen-fifties, the campaign thus far has been one of guerilla warfare, with little real resistance offered the invaders.

REPORTS from Addis Ababa, unconfirmed at this writing, say that Mussolini has offered peace on the basis that Italy keeps the territory she has now captured and receives additional concessions and privileges. Haile Selassie is said to have rejected these offers on the reasonable ground that he could not stop his soldiers now, even if he wanted to. Such a proposal by Mussolini is quite on the cards, though few observers expected it so soon. If made, it would bear out the theory of a Franco-Italian understanding for a war of a few weeks that would "vindicate Italian honor" and justify a settlement giving Il Duce a large part of Ethiopia, a settlement along the lines of the offers made before the fighting started, both by Haile Selassie and by France and England in concert. A part of this supposed bargain is the agreement to impose upon Italy only economic and financial sanctions that would cause her no serious inconvenience if maintained only for a month or two. The report that M. Laval has asked Britain to withdraw the home fleet from the Mediterranean seems to support this theory.

THE League's attempt to impose even limited sanctions upon Italy has encountered greater and greater difficulties. While we must recognize the historic significance of a week in which more than fifty nations for the first time undertake formal efforts to bring pressure to bear upon an aggressor, we must also note the irresolution and timidity, the fierce underlying conflicts among the Great Powers, which have marked this effort. Thus far, the United States, acting alone, has both been more prompt and more effective in its action against Italy, even though this action has theoretically applied to Ethiopia as well. While the League has declared for an arms embargo, its policy is almost meaningless, for three reasons: first, because Italy is well supplied with arms for the present; second, because this embargo does not prevent her obtaining supplies from Germany or Japan; third, because each

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of the League powers reserves the right to take its own time about coöperating with this or any other type of sanction.

AS TO an economic boycott, there is evident at Geneva an embarrassing desire on the part of each important country to follow the course that will cost its nationals the least and other countries the most. Thus the British have taken the line predicted weeks ago in London and have suggested a boycott directed against exports from Italy. Such exports are insignificant in the British scheme of things. The French have countered with a suggestion that imports of raw materials to Italy be stopped. French trade in such items is negligible, but they are of great importance to the British. Whatever is done, of course, Austria and Hungary are likely to continue their Italian trade on the ground that to stop it would be suicidal.

SOME allowance must be made for the fact that the League is charting untrodden ground and is setting precedents of enormous importance. When these allowances have been made, however, we are still confronted with the old familiar set of facts: there would have been no sanctions at all if Italy's African adventure had not threatened British interests of extreme importance. There would have been no sanctions had Britain not paid a heavy price for French coöperation. There is still no likelihood of any sanctions that would stop the war. There is still no evidence that any of the Great Powers is willing to undergo a serious sacrifice of its own interests solely in the cause of peace.

THOUGH the eyes of the world are focused on Africa, they may soon be directed to the Far East. Close observers of Oriental affairs believe that Japan is preparing to take another great stride toward her admitted goal of complete domination of the Asiatic seaboard. If Great Britain should become a little more deeply involved in the Mediterranean, some of these observers believe that Japan will not only move against Russia in the Siberian area, and China, but also against British, Dutch and French possessions south to the Equator and beyond. This week's reports of fighting along the Manchurian-Siberian border, with sharp protests from Moscow and the demand for a joint commission of inquiry to fix responsibility, assume a threatening color in the light of these possibilities. From China come reports indicating that Japan is about to require fulfilment of those parts of the famous Twenty-One Demands not already carried out. It is not a bad gamble to predict that the part of the world where the big guns will next be booming is the Far East. In this situation the United States is much more directly and vitally concerned than in Western Europe. Although our entire Oriental trade for a year would not pay the cost of war for a month, and although conflict, whatever its outcome, would ruin that trade, the American government still acts as though it could scare Japan into being good by building ships and by following a policy that in nearly every other aspect is provocative in the extreme. Rumors persist that the American and British governments have an understanding in regard to joint naval policy in the Pacific, a policy which if it exists seems extraordinary when we recall that the British interests in that area are at least ten times as great as our own.

ALL other events in the field of foreign affairs last week were of course overshadowed by developments in the Italo-Ethiopian situation. One such event, not unconnected with the international crisis, is the restoration of the monarchy in Greece, with George II on the throne and General Kondylis as the power in the background. It is generally assumed that the new government will be under British tutelage. In Germany, the Nazi regime moves steadily forward with its anti-Jewish policy. The doctrine of economic attrition has been officially endorsed by the Nazi leaders, the purpose being in the long run to destroy every important Jewish firm and to drive the Jews out of business and professional life. German economic policy has now resulted in a serious shortage of foodstuffs, particularly butter and meat, and reports of widespread unrest because of this are leaking through the censorship. The United States and Japan have come to an agreement regarding exports of cotton textiles to the Philippines, not unlike the arrangement made several years ago between Japan and India. A commission has been investigating Mexico, and reports the far from startling news that the government is hostile not only to Catholics but to Protestants as well and is, in fact, atheistic.

TWO facts become clearer every day regarding American neutrality policy: first, that it was a godsend that the President and the State Department did not get their way and obtain authority to discriminate between aggressor and victim; and second, that the present law should be rewritten at the earliest possible moment after Congress convenes, in order to cover not only arms and ammunition but raw materials and other manufactured products of every kind that can be used to help win a war. Secretary Hull is a well intentioned, liberal-minded gentleman who believes in international coöperation for peace. As a result, he is now coöperating as hard as he can with a League that at the moment refuses to coöperate with itself. It is easy to imagine what he would be doing if he were empowered by law to aid Ethiopia as well as to hamper Italy. The chances are that we should be at war with Mussolini even before the League powers had broken relations.

AS FOR the second point, despite discouragement from the American government our business men are now doing a very considerable trade in various types of non-military war supplies with Italy. The

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size of the business may be gauged by the intensity of the anguished howls now coming from exporters because Uncle Sam is looking with disapproval on their business. Unless Great Britain blockades all Italian territory, which now seems most unlikely, in another three months we shall have created a trade so large that the attempt to stop it would produce an economic earthquake. Congress badly bungled its job in the closing days of the last session. It is up to Americans who want peace to see that the present great gap is closed as soon as possible after the next session begins.

DOMESTIC politics continued last week to dominate the American news. If the subject gets so much attention now, one shudders to think of the situation next autumn. Mr. Roosevelt was damned as a Bolshevist by half a dozen conservative groups, while Norman Thomas repudiated the idea that the New Deal has successfully carried out important principles of the Socialist Party. The National Executive Committee of that party, declaring that it sees no likelihood of a strong Farmer-Labor movement in 1936, decided to enter congressional and presidential elections throughout the country. A spokesman for the A.A.A. defended the increase in the cost of food, on the ground that factory earnings have increased by a slightly larger percentage; this argument of course overlooks the fact that much of the factory increase has come through reëmployment of the idle and that millions of families face higher food costs with only the same income they had one or two years ago.

THE Brookings Institution issued a report demanding that prices should be lowered when technological advance justifies reduction. If wages remained unchanged this would increase consumer purchasing power and make possible greater volume, which is the only real basis for "sharing the wealth." The single remaining question is how to put this laudable advice into effect. Reëmployment under the Works Progress Administration is lagging to a calamitous extent. Instead of the 3,500,000 to whom jobs were promised by November 1, only 1,100,000 have been put to work and it now becomes clear that the President's new policy is impossible of execution as well as socially undesirable even if it could be carried out. New York City's plans for a municipal electric-power plant received another blow when a higher court sustained the ruling against a November referendum on this subject. The Supreme Court again rejected Tom Mooney's plea that it consider his case, but the rejection seems only a legal formality and there is still hope that the Court may take jurisdiction if the state of California follows out its apparent intention of denying him substantial justice. In New Jersey, the sentence on Bruno Richard Hauptmann, found guilty of kidnaping and murdering the Lindbergh baby, was sustained; in Massachusetts, two of President Roosevelt's sons continued the series of automobile mishaps which have now developed into a subject of national concern.

THE long campaign to obtain justice for Angelo Herndon received another setback in the decision of the United States Supreme Court denying the petition for a rehearing of the case. This decision was announced after a portion of this issue of The New Republic already had gone to press, but the paragraph printed in our "Extracts from Letters" column on page 301 remains valid in that it indicates the next steps in Herndon's behalf. The only immediate remedy seems to lie in the state courts of Georgia, and here the outlook is far from promising. Governor Talmadge, now that Huey Long is out of the way, grows more vocal, more ambitious and more fascist-minded almost daily. Yet it is in his kingdom that the battle to free Herndon must be fought, a fact that calls for redoubled efforts on the part of all Americans interested in seeing justice done in this case.

CANADA showed some very human predilections in making her choice between Tweedledum and Tweedledee in the national elections held this week. The Conservative Prime Minister, R. B. Bennett, had held office through five years of unrelieved depression. Did the country want more of the same? "No," shouted the provinces almost in audible unison, and the Liberals, under former Premier W. L. Mackenzie King, rode back into power with the largest parliamentary majority ever accorded any party in Canada's history. Premier Bennett stood for high tariffs, while Mackenzie King advocated low tariffs. As to the only two actual issues now confronting Canada—reform of the nationalist-capitalist system that produced her own, and the world's depression, and participation in the impending war into which Great Britain is likely to drag her—not a syllable was uttered on either side. The poor showing of the Coöperative Commonwealth Federation, which captured only an estimated five to seven seats out of 245, was largely due to the Social Credit prairie-fire that swept the western provinces. The Social Credit Party, with its religio-Townsend $25-a-month scheme, is a far cry from either practicality or Major Douglas, but it won an estimated 13 to 15 seats and by its basic tactic of calling into question the present economic system, it may serve as at least some leaven of enlightenment.

WHEN a college president goes so far as to make a direct alliance with the American Legion in a campaign to eliminate "un-American thoughts" from the minds of students, one may indeed wonder what the good president thinks of such "un-American" principles as freedom of thought, speech and conscience. Dr. Frederick B. Robinson, president of the College of the City of New York, and the City College post of the American Legion, composed of alumni and faculty members, have collaborated to outline a formal eight-point plan

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to "purge American schools of communism." The capstone of this plan is the formation of the students into "Big Brother" clubs, with a Legion member as adviser for each club, to promulgate the "true American spirit" among both students and faculty members. Dr. Robinson, although not a Legionnaire, conferred with American Legion leaders at the recent state convention in Rochester, and his active approval of this plan was reported, appropriately enough, in the local Hearst newspaper.

LAST week George Lansbury resigned as head of the British Labor Party because it voted to support military sanctions against an aggressor nation. Quite aside from the wisdom of League sanctions, the ideal of the inviolabilty of human life, for which Mr. Lansbury resigned, is an old one. It has been held by the race, in varying forms, as far back as history and legend run, and has a permanent human value. Mr. Lansbury's resignation represents a significant choice of action. Across Europe in Rome, tremendous crowds cheer Mussolini, and in Africa armies owning allegiance to him march and fight, yet on any possible scale of human values, all this activity has precisely the same degree of meaning as that of a column of ants tugging at a fragment of banana peel.

STILL further delays are reported in the work-relief program. It is now predicted that the projects under W. P. A. will not reach their peak of employment until December 1, or even later. The maximum number of unemployables to receive federal jobs has been reduced by President Roosevelt from 3,500,000 to 3,150,000, and of this total 550,000 will be employed by the C.C.C.—if $30 a month and bed and meals can be called employment —and 450,000 by the P. W. A. and regular government departments. The remainder, 2,150,000, represents the maximum that the W. P. A. will attempt to care for. It is worth recalling that a year ago the F.E.R.A. work program was employing a maximum of 2,472,091. Without ballyhoo or extravagant promises, in other words, Hopkins last year gave jobs to at least 300,000 more employables than will be cared for under the present much advertised program, which, it is now certain, cannot achieve the goal set for it last spring. Meantime the protest of the unemployed against W. P. A. wages continues. The hard-fought strike of W. P. A. workers in Buffalo, New York, which a week ago was declared settled, has again broken out, and the leaders say every project in the city will be halted until a ten-percent increase in pay has been granted.

SPONTANEOUS protests against the fascist-minded and propaganda-laden Hearst newsreel last spring resulted in the banishment of the reel from several university communities. Harvard, Williams, Dartmouth, Princeton and Amherst succeeded in eliminating the reel entirely from movie theatres patronized by the campus community, and campaigns against it were in progress at Wesleyan University, Springfield College, the University of Cincinnati and other institutions at the close of the school year. Recently the Young People's Socialist League announced a nationwide campaign against the Hearst newsreel. The League recommends picketing and street-corner meetings as means of combatting the newsreel, and is preparing for use in this campaign a leaflet giving the facts about Hearst methods and policies that tend to involve this country in war. Feeling against Hearst publications and Hearst motion pictures has been expressed by active picketing in Los Angeles. This led to the recent police-condoned attacks by strong-arm men, presumably in Hearst's employ, against picket lines of workers surrounding his newspaper plants and against a newsstand that was selling copies of the pamphlet, "William Randolph Hearst, Labor Enemy No. 1." The Conference for Labor Civil Rights in Los Angeles announces that its campaign for a boycott of the Hearst publications and of the Hearst newsreel will continue.

IN THE midst of a general anti-Red scare that has beset the country this year, it is heartening to note the report of the American Civil Liberties Union that not a single piece of gag legislation was adopted by the recently adjourned Congress. Three dangerously repressive measures, the Tydings-McCormack military-disaffection bill, the Kramer sedition bill and the Dies deportation bill, were reported out of committee in the House, and the first was actually passed by the Senate. These three bills will reappear when the new Congress convenes in January, and undoubtedly a determined attempt will be made to obtain passage of what is in many ways the most sinister of the three measures, the military-disaffection bill, which would virtually outlaw any criticism of this country's armed forces or military policy.

THE record of the forty-four state legislatures that were in session this year has its dark spots. A total of fourteen bills involving definite violations of civil liberties were enacted into law. Two of these, the Michigan sedition law and the so-called anti-Nazi law in New Jersey, make criminal offenses of the utterance of mere opinions. Objection to the second of these laws is made all the more sharply necessary because it is aimed directly at a Nazi faction with which liberal opinion can scarcely have any natural sympathy. Seven of the state laws require loyalty oaths from teachers, four bar left-wing parties from the ballot, and a California law forbids the use of school buildings for meetings of organizations "advocating the overthrow of the government."

FROM a correspondent in Denmark we learn some interesting repercussions of the war dangers that now hang over Europe. Business men are beginning to make furtive, hopeful references to large

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profits that are in prospect, and in some of the more favored neutral countries, such as Denmark and Sweden, the war boom is already in full swing. On the Copenhagen market, prices for hides have risen 30 percent in a month and leather purchases by Continental and British buyers have foreshadowed a 15-percent rise in shoe prices. Swarms of German dealers have appeared in Scandinavia, buying up all available horses, so that prices in South Jutland have reached World War levels, and the Swedish province of Skane reports that prices for horses have more than doubled within the past few weeks. The Swedish mining trust, Grängesberg A.B., reports that its shipments of iron ore have virtually tripled since 1933, and that most of this ore goes to Germany.

The League Hesitates

LAST WEEK it became the League's duty to oppose Italy, as a violator of the Covenant, with the collective might of its member nations. Very rapidly the Committee of Eighteen voted to lay an arms embargo on Italy, and to prohibit all loans other than day-to-day commercial credits. Proposals to forbid all purchases of Italian goods, as well as the sale to Italy of basic raw materials, are now being considered.

There is something majestic in this spectacle of a righteous world engaged in outlawing a guilty people. But it would be more convincing if Mussolini's envoy were not simultaneously holding friendly conversations with the French government, and if it were not reported that Mussolini had consented, beforehand, to the imposition of an arms embargo, and financial and economic sanctions.

The League has adjudged Italy faithless to its pledge. Under Article 16 of the Covenant, the members of the League are bound to take whatever steps are necessary to protect Ethiopia and force Italy to keep the peace. While there may be doubt concerning the legal implications of Article 16, its moral intent is wholly clear. No criticism can be brought against the League for moving slowly—for imposing first an arms embargo, then financial sanctions, and still later economic sanctions of increasing severity. But if it is true that these sanctions have already been submitted to Mussolini and have received his approval, the action of the League takes on an extremely cynical, and slightly comic, appearance.

Il Duce has boasted that no sanctions will be voted which will materially hinder the prosecution of his war against Ethiopia. He has strongly hinted that this pledge was given him by the Laval government. At Geneva, England's proposal that an embargo be put on all Italian exports was opposed by Robert Coulondre, French financial expert, for reasons that seem to confirm Mussolini's hints. M. Coulondre did not say that the British plan was impracticable, or that it would not be efficacious. Instead, he argued that the League should still strive for "conciliation," and that so drastic a measure might anger Mussolini and make conciliation difficult.

The whole immediate value of sanctions, other than military, is in their psychological effect on the aggressor nation. The delegates and experts at Geneva are aware that Mussolini has accumulated a store of raw materials sufficient for Italy's war needs for six months, and probably longer. They know that Italian credit has dropped to a point at which foreign loans are unobtainable. None of the sanctions now being considered at Geneva can have the slightest practical effect on Mussolini's course in East Africa for many weeks. Their only value would be if Mussolini had reason to believe them merely preliminary steps, to be followed by more drastic measures. But the behavior of the French representative on the sanctions committee, and the statements of M. Laval at Geneva and Paris, seem to show that Mussolini need have no apprehensions. If this is so, the delegates at Geneva are engaged in a procedure that is entirely futile, and one they must know is futile.

What has happened at Geneva during the last few days is a fresh illustration, if one is required, that the League has no independent life of its own. Whenever it acts, it acts purely as the instrument of self-regarding policies of the Great Powers. Throughout the greater part of its history, France has been the principal advocate of strict observance of the Covenant because of her desire to use the League against Germany. English diplomats, who wished to strengthen Germany, partly as a bulwark against Soviet Russia, have in the past regularly opposed the Covenant's application, and firm action by the League has been negatived by secret assurances given to Berlin by London. In the present Ethiopian crisis, the roles of France and England have been almost exactly reversed. England is the firm, impartial, high-minded supporter of the Covenant, since she wishes to employ it as a weapon against Mussolini. The French, who want to preserve Fascist Italy as an ally against Hitler in central Europe, have become the League's betrayers, nominally voting at Geneva to uphold the Covenant, but secretly conniving with Mussolini for its violation.

The Committee of Eighteen at Geneva is now engaged in putting on a floor show for the entertainment of the customers while in the back room the French mediate between the English government and Mussolini. If the mediation is successful, the show will be stopped by a hand-clap, and the spotlight thrown on M. Laval as he announces the happy outcome of his labors. In a large measure, M. Laval's task now consists in finding ways to preserve the prestige of both English and Italians. England has moved 400,000 tons of warships into the Mediterranean; she feels that she cannot withdraw without tangible evidence that her will has been respected. In like manner, Mussolini has sent 150,000 Italian troops to East Africa, and he

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cannot recall them without the semblance of victory. But if a means to satisfy these clashing ambitions can be devised, no attention whatever will be paid to the prestige of the League. Any infringement of Ethiopian territory would be directly contrary to the Covenant, but if the Great Powers can reach a highwayman's bargain, the Covenant will be sacrificed without a qualm.

Revolt in the A.F. of L.

OUT OF Atlantic City, where the American Federation of Labor is now holding its fifty-fifth annual convention, came the rather sensational news last week that the convention had refused to seat a delegate sponsored by President William Green. The vote was nearly two to one, and its effect—momentarily at least—was to throw the convention into considerable confusion. For it was the first decisive setback suffered by Mr. Green and his Executive Council since he was elected ten years ago. It was also distinctly contrary to A.F. of L. tradition, which holds that the Executive Council can do no wrong, that its position is impregnable and that opposition to it is bound to be futile. Last week the delegates suddenly discovered that this tradition may be breaking down.

Of course the vote itself—18,092½ to 10,602—cannot strictly be considered as one of no confidence, for the issue involved in the revolt was not one of major significance. Nevertheless the event can be considered symptomatic of a growing dissension within the ranks of the Federation. There were other indications of this at last week's sessions. Nearly one hundred delegates walked out on a speech by Commander Ray Murphy of the American Legion, in silent protest against the anti-labor, Red-baiting activities of the Legion.

Drastic changes in traditional A.F. of L. policies were urged in a flood of resolutions. These included nearly a score advocating a decisive stand on industrial unionism—the most important single issue before the convention. Among the supporters of this move will be such important organizations as the United Mine Workers, the United Textile Workers, the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and many smaller federal and industrial unions. Other progressive resolutions called for the formation of a Labor Party, for labor's active opposition to war and fascism, for the Lundeen Unemployment and Social Insurance Bill. Most of these resolutions—probably all of them—will be defeated when they are brought on the convention floor this week, but they undeniably reflect important new forces working within the Federation. These forces seem determined to carry the fight on such major issues as the Labor Party from the convention to the unions and workers throughout the country.

Despite this growing pressure, President Green and the Executive Council have apparently decided not to budge one inch toward more progressive principles. On the issue of industrial unionism, which was approved in principle at last year's convention, they have surrendered to the craft unions. The policy adopted last year was never carried out, and now the Council recommends that it shall be entrusted with the same policy for another year—in brief, that craft jurisdictions should not be jeopardized.

Most disturbing of all, however, is the Council's proposal for an amendment that would give it the power to force a purge of all Communists or Communist sympathizers from local and international unions. It now appears that this dangerous proposition will be defeated and here again credit must be given to the unexpected revolt of last week. One of the issues involved in that dispute was whether the Executive Council had the right to intrude on the charter rights of an affiliated union or department and to say who should or should not become a member of the union or department. President Green's position was that the Council had this right. His defeat can be attributed largely to the fear on the part of the delegates of giving so much power to the A.F. of L. It is noteworthy that last year they took a similar action in accepting a report dealing with discrimination against Negroes in some unions. The report declared that "the A.F. of L. cannot interfere with the autonomy of national or international unions. The A.F. of L. cannot say who are eligible or who are not eligible to membership in national or international unions." Logically, this should rule out the so-called Communist amendment.

Thus far the convention has disclosed two important trends—a growing unity and strength among the progressive elements and dissension among the reactionaries. There is the suggestion in this that the A.F. of L. may be nearing the point where compromise will no longer be possible and the Federation will be forced to take a forthright stand on such major issues as industrial unionism and the Labor Party. Perhaps the stand will not be taken this year, but the storm signals are out.

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They Cry "Peace, Peace"

I: *The Plight of the Pacifists*

ONE OF the results of the Italo-Ethiopian situation has been deep division in the ranks of the pacifists. In the United States and Great Britain, where their movement has been strongest largely because it has had the least interference from the government, one group is in favor of seeing the League Powers go to war with Italy in the interest of peace. Another group endorses the economic and financial boycott, which may result in the gravest suffering to the whole population of Italy and carries with it a war danger hardly less serious than would open and immediate military activities. Still another section of the pacifist movement would follow a policy of non-violent non-coöperation, which of course would mean letting Mussolini have his way, despite the painful result to the Ethiopians. So far as concerns the future of peace, this policy, however commendable on other grounds, is one of despair.

Bound up with this whole question is the prestige of the League of Nations, around which most of the pacifist groups of the world have built their hopes. It is true that in the last few weeks the skies have seemed a little brighter at Geneva than they did somewhat earlier, when the dissolution of that body appeared imminent. But this new optimism is a delusion possible only to naïve idealists who do not read deeper than the day-to-day headlines. The League at this moment is no more an instrument for peace and justice than it has been at any time in the past fifteen years. It is the helpless victim of a parallelogram of forces in which its course of conduct is always determined by the national policies of the country, or group of countries, with the greatest strength. When Italy attacked Ethiopia, her action ran counter to fundamental British policies. When Japan took Manchuria and invaded China, her action was in every way as reprehensible, as opposed to League principles, as was Italy's; but she imperiled British interests only to a minor degree, and for all practical purposes the League was mute.

It is certainly true that many nations represented at Geneva are profoundly devoted to the cause of peace. It is also true that the League has in the past postponed or averted certain threatened conflicts, such as the quarrel between Italy and Greece. But the truly pacifist nations are either small ones, like the Scandinavian powers, or remote, as are the South American countries. Like the American newspaper editors and clergymen who firmly demand that war must stop, they can afford the luxury of pacifism, because they have nothing to lose.

To say all this is not to reveal any sudden cynicism regarding the League. Not only is it true, as already indicated, that Geneva is merely a seismograph for recording stresses and strains among the Great Powers, but the international organization has never been anything else and on the whole was never intended to be anything else. Of the statesmen who brought it into being, Woodrow Wilson was almost the only one who had any notion of a world order based upon justice and policed by the League. The others, and the governments for whom they spoke, were concerned first to destroy Germany, as nearly as was possible in the modern world, and second, to maintain the terms of the treaties of 1919.

In all these countries, there was undoubtedly a strong sentiment for peace, and to it the statesmen gave lip service then as they and their successors have done ever since; but it was lip service only. There was an invisible but effective barrier between the aspirations of the pacifists and the actions of the governments in the realm of international relations. I am aware of not one instance where any government in the past fifteen years has abandoned or altered a single important policy because it created a danger of war. Some of the pacifists—in this country, for instance—who have placed all their hopes in the League, have recognized this serious weakness but have glossed it over with the hope that in time the League machinery would purify the intentions of the member powers, particularly if the United States should join. Whether either of these things might have happened is now a purely academic question.

In this juncture, what are the American pacifists to do? Must they abandon all their hopes, admit that "man is war" and resign themselves to the prospect that every few years henceforth civilization is to be shaken to its foundations, if indeed it is not destroyed in one or another of the recurring earthquake shocks of conflict that threaten so ominously the advent of a new Dark Age?

It is obvious to everyone with his eyes open that there is more than one cause of war. It is also obvious, or so it seems to me, that in a broad sense, the most important causes are economic in their character and help to bring into being such others as quarrels over colonies, jingo journalism and large military and naval forces. Mussolini's assault and battery on Ethiopia is admittedly and precisely a war for economic advantage. Japan's cannibalism in Manchuria is admittedly and precisely eco-

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nomic in its origin. The war in the Gran Chaco was not only a fight for land, but is reported to have had behind it a definite economic struggle between two great worldwide groups of oil companies. When Germany demands a place in the sun and prepares to fight for it, what the dominant group in Germany really wants is money. That is to say, they want land—because land is wealth. They want subject native peoples in tropical colonies, because such semi-slave labor is cheap and profitable. They want access to raw materials, which are wealth in its elementary form. They want foreign markets for exports, preferably on a non-competitive basis, because that means maximum profits.

No country has ever built up a huge navy unless it had, or was intent on creating, a huge foreign trade or other large economic interests overseas. No country has ever built a vast army unless it intended either to take away tangible property from some other country or to resist such efforts on the part of a predatory neighbor. While not every colony returns a profit every year, on the whole the great empires of the world show a balance sheet that is heavily in the black. By controlling the economic activities of millions of persons of alien race and in alien climes, the citizens of the aggressor power, or some of them, are able to live without working, or at a higher standard than otherwise.

One reason it is not necessary to labor this point regarding the economic origin of international tension is because recognition of it is beginning to dawn even in those places where it would be least expected. Sir Samuel Hoare in his recent speech at Geneva took over the terminology of Mr. Frank Simonds and other students of international affairs and discussed the difference between the "sated" nations and the hungry ones. Admitting that certain empires, particularly since the World War, have acquired many colonies with ample supplies of raw materials, while others lack them, he suggested that a redistribution will soon be in order.

Viewed in retrospect, this speech seems nothing more than an attempt to halt Mussolini's African adventure by promising that if he will only be good for the present, the pie will be passed around at some time in the future. His remarks were pretty effectively destroyed by Stanley Baldwin's speech several weeks later in which he suggested politely that there is no room on earth for the British Empire and for the Greater Germany of Hitler's dreams. Nevertheless, Sir Samuel's speech greatly excited certain groups of American pacifists, who now have under way elaborate research studies in the field of the worldwide supply of raw materials and their possible reallocation. (It is interesting to recall in this connection that just before the end of the Great War, the Allies had worked out a plan that not only allocated all available raw materials but also divided up world trade on a quota basis. Only the coming of the Armistice prevented putting this plan into effect.)

There is no evidence that any government in the world is prepared to take Sir Samuel's suggestion seriously in the visible future. Certainly the present British government would not dream for an instant of throwing its tropical and Oriental possessions into the pot, to get back only such part thereof as some international committee should decide was appropriate. France and the Netherlands would prove equally obdurate. If a redivision of raw materials, without formal territorial changes, were contemplated, the answer would be an equally decisive No. For it presupposes, in the first place, an end of the race in naval and military armament in which the whole world is now so desperately engaged. Can anyone imagine Great Britain cutting down her air force in order to release gasoline for the German planes that may some day be used to drop bombs upon London? Would the United States share its oil with the Japanese navy and thus help to make possible a bombardment of the Pacific Coast? To ask these questions is to answer them.

Suppose, however, that all these international efforts were successful. Suppose that the powers with many colonies divided up with the others. Suppose we had a worldwide scheme for allotting raw materials and faithful observance of international plans for restricting production of a few basic commodities. Would such a scheme bring any guarantee of peace?

It might, of course, solve for the time being some of the immediately pressing problems. It might bring a pause in Japan's aggression in China, in Italy's African policy. But even if the whole scheme could be put into effect, and if it worked for a time, you would still have the most important factors that now make for war. I do not refer to "population pressure," which is largely a delusion in any case and is rapidly being solved throughout much of the world by artificial limitation. You would still, however, have the problem of capitalist activity within each country producing more goods of all kinds than (to simplify a complicated process in a not unfair fashion) its population is able to buy back. You would still have exportable surpluses being created for markets that are dwindling or have entirely disappeared. The "sated nations" of today are not the ones that have abandoned their interest in foreign trade. Neither have they found all their economic problems solved by possessing colonies throughout the world.

To return to an earlier question, then, what hope exists for the American pacifists who are so bitterly disillusioned? Must they resign themselves to inaction and despair? On the contrary, it seems to me that there is a clear and hopeful line indicated for them—a line that moves toward permanent world peace on the only possible basis. What that line is, and what the chances are that the American pacifists will pursue it, I shall discuss in a subsequent article.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

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Italy's African Balance Sheet

WHEN Mussolini bitterly remarked in a recent newspaper interview that the League of Nations must have taken him for a collector of deserts by offering, as a sop, the salty wastes of Danakil and the stony wastes of Ogaden, he was voicing Italy's perennial complaint that in Africa it has obtained nothing but desert land unfit for white colonization. This complaint is not unfounded. Compared wtih the vast territories rich in various raw materials that Britain, France, Belgium and even Portugal control on the African continent either as colonial powers or League mandatories, Italy has unquestionably received the short end of the colonial bargain. Of its four colonies—Tripoli, Cyrenaica, Eritrea and Somaliland—only the last offers possibilities of economic development, and none holds out prospects for large-scale Italian emigration. So infertile is Italy's colonial empire of 900,000 square miles that its total population is a little over two millions, of whom only 50,500 are Italians. This is all the more disturbing because Italy, unlike the other great European powers, wants colonies not merely as markets and sources of raw materials, but first and foremost as territory where its surplus population, increasing annually at the rate of 500,000, can live and propagate under the Italian flag.

Italy's Colonization Campaign in North Africa.—To say that Italy failed to obtain a place in the African sun because it was late in joining the colonial race is not altogether accurate. When the scramble for African colonies was at its height in the 1880's, Italy was already a united nation with definite aspirations for reëstablishment of a colonial empire in North Africa, where Rome once held sway. But it lacked both the military force and the financial strength to embark on extensive colonial adventure. The Depretis government hesitated to incur the displeasure of the Great Powers by openly disputing Turkey's domination of Tripoli and Cyrenaica. Instead, it tried to satisfy public demand for colonial expansion by obtaining a foothold on the west coast of the Red Sea, where Italian troops occupied the port of Massowa in 1885. This move brought Italy in contact, not with unorganized and timid natives, but with the ancient kingdom of Ethiopia, proud of its age-long independence from foreign control. Italy's Red Sea colony was destined from the start to be a hornets' nest.

In 1889 the Italian government concluded two agreements with King Menelik of Shoa, aspirant to the Ethiopian throne: the famous treaty of Uccialli, by which Rome intended to establish a protectorate over Ethiopia; and a convention in which Menelik recognized "the sovereignty of the King of Italy in the colonies which go under the name of Italian possessions on the Red Sea," known as Eritrea, the frontiers to be delimited by "taking as a basis the actual state of possession." The same year Rome founded its colony of Somaliland on the Indian Ocean by treaties that established an Italian protectorate over the domains of the Sultans of Obbia and the Mijertini.

Ethiopia's Importance to Italy.—The Italian government realized that its two isolated East African colonies would prove more of a liability than an asset unless they were linked by an overland connection across Ethiopian territory and developed as outlets for the trade of landlocked Ethiopia. Menelik, however, had no intention of accepting an Italian protectorate. When Italy, not satisfied with "the actual state of possession," attempted to penetrate into Ethiopia, it met with determined resistance, and in 1896 an Italian force of 13,000 was crushingly defeated at Adowa by 90,000 Ethiopians. The treaty of peace signed on October 26, 1896, annulled the Uccialli treaty. Italy recognized Ethiopia as "a sovereign and independent state"; but it had not the slightest intention of scrapping its plans for an eventual link between Eritrea and Somaliland.

These plans were embodied in the tripartite treaty of 1906, by which Britain, France and Italy defined their respective spheres of influence in Ethiopia. The Italian sphere was recognized to include the hinterland of Eritrea and Somaliland and the territorial connection between them to the west of Addis Ababa. It was agreed, moreover, that any railway construction to the west of the Ethiopian capital connecting the two Italian colonies "shall, in so far as foreign assistance is required, be carried out under the auspices of Italy." The boundaries between Ethiopia, Eritrea and Somaliland were defined by two Italo-Ethiopian conventions signed in 1908. Actual demarcation of the Ethiopian-Somaliland boundary, begun in 1910, has not yet been completed, and frequent frontier disputes encouraged such incidents as that of Ualual, which was Italy's pretext for mobilizing against Ethiopia.

In 1919, having obtained, in Mussolini's words, "only the crumbs of the rich colonial booty" surrendered by Germany, Italy requested Britain's support in obtaining a concession to construct a railway connecting Eritrea and Italian Somaliland west of Addis Ababa. In return, it was willing to second British efforts to gain a concession for construction of a dam at Lake Tsana and a motor road from the Sudan border to the dam. At that time Britain turned a deaf ear to Italy's schemes. But by 1925, when Ethiopia was already a member of the

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League, the British government underwent a change of heart. The two countries agreed that their representatives at Addis Ababa were "to concert together for common action," so that the two concessions might be granted simultaneously. Britain also promised that, should it obtain a concession for the Tsana dam, it would "recognize an exclusive Italian economic influence in the west of Abyssinia and in the whole of the territory to be crossed by the above-mentioned railway," and would "further promise to support with the Abyssinian government all Italian requests for economic concessions in the above zone." Following vigorous protests by France and Ethiopia, however, Britain and Italy abandoned all attempts to carry out their agreement.

Undeterred by this setback, Mussolini concluded a treaty of amity, conciliation and arbitration with Ethiopia on August 2, 1928, in which the Ethiopian government undertook to promote trade with Italy. On the same day the two countries signed a road convention by which Italy agreed to grant Ethiopia a free zone in the Eritrean port of Assab, in return for a concession to construct a motor road from Assab to Dessié in Ethiopia. Italy thus hoped to obtain a more substantial share of Ethiopia's trade, 65 percent of which now goes by the French railway to the port of Jibuti in French Somaliland, and only 25 percent to the Italian colonies. It can be readily understood that Britain's offer last June to compensate Haile Selassie for concessions he might make to Italy by ceding him a port in British Somaliland was regarded in Rome as heaping insult on injury. For, once Ethiopia controls its own outlet to the sea, the potential value of Italy's colonies as trade centers of East Africa will be reduced to zero.

Present Prospects for Eritrea and Somaliland.—Eritrea, which has been described as a "vestigial remnant" of the protectorate Italy had hoped to establish over Ethiopia in the 1890's, is unsuitable for Italian colonization. Repeated efforts to stimulate immigration from Italy have met with failure, and at the present time, of a total population of 600,000, less than 5,000 are Italians. The Fascist government has reluctantly resigned itself to the fact that Eritrea must be developed by native labor, with the aid of Italian capital and technique. It is now pursuing the modest aim of assuring the self-sufficiency of Eritrea, which still imports many of the necessities of life. Attempts to limit food imports have been frustrated by periodic invasions of locusts which have destroyed Eritrean crops; while intensive agriculture has been hampered by lack of water and the disinclination of the natives to work beyond the satisfaction of their extremely limited needs. In spite of the financial stringency it has suffered during the depression years, the Fascist government has expended considerable funds for the construction of railways, motor roads and irrigation projects, all of which have served to make Eritrea a solid base for invasion of Ethiopia.

Eritrea's chief agricultural products are coffee, tobacco and cotton—the last produced only in small quantities. In the eastern and western lowlands, where the climate is more favorable to white habitation, the government reserved land for its colonists. No attempt is made to encourage anything but large-scale capitalist enterprise. Concessions for tobacco and cotton production, never smaller than 200 hectares, are granted only to individuals or to agricultural concerns with at least 1,000 lire per hectare at their disposal. In 1924 the government organized a special enterprise with a vast program of land reclamation and irrigation, designed to stimulate the production of cotton—one of the raw materials Italy most urgently needs. The decline in world prices of cotton and the destruction repeatedly wreaked by locusts, however, have played havoc with Eritrea's economy, and for the present, at least, the Red Sea colony must be listed as a liability on Italy's African balance sheet.

Distinctly more favorable is the situation in Italian Somaliland, which has plenty of water and a soil at least half of which is well adapted to the cultivation of tropical products—cotton, bananas, sugar-cane, kapok and cacao. The torrid climate, however, makes the colony unsuitable for Italian colonization. Of a total population of over a million, only 1,600 are Italians. As in Eritrea, the government has concentrated on developing the colony's resources with native labor and Italian capital. Concessions are for the most part granted to large-scale undertakings, the principal of which are the Società Agricola Italo-Somala, founded by the late Duke of the Abruzzi in 1920 on the Webi Shebeli River, and the reclamation enterprise of Vittorio d'Africa. The former is devoted chiefly to the production of cotton and sugar-cane, and permanently employs 6,000 natives and 50 Italians. The Vittorio d'Africa project consists of about a hundred concessions ranging in size from 100 to 600 hectares, operated by 300 Italian colonists and formerly planted to cotton. The world crisis, however, has forced many of these plantations to reduce and, in some cases, completely to abandon cotton production, substituting that of bananas. To Italy Somaliland exports cotton and raw sugar.

If Italy has been forced to abandon hope of extensive Italian settlement in its East African colonies, it still expects to provide a limited outlet for surplus population in its North African possessions—Tripoli and Cyrenaica—which it christened with the Roman name of Libya. The Giolitti government, egged on by Nationalist elements which, like the Fascists today, dreamed of restoring the glories of ancient Rome, obtained Libya following a strenuous war with Turkey in 1911-12. The "pacification" of Libya, completed only in 1932, proved as arduous as France's struggle to subdue the Riffians.

What Has Italy Gained?—Did the economic results achieved by Italy in Libya justify this campaign of pacification? Tripoli is not adapted to

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industrial development: it lacks coal, minerals and an abundant water supply. Nor are its commercial prospects bright, as its once flourishing caravan trade is now in a process of rapid decay. The colony's principal means of livelihood are agriculture, grazing, sponge and tunny fishing, and native crafts.

In contrast to Eritrea and Italian Somaliland, Tripoli has been dedicated by the Fascist government not to large-scale capitalist enterprise, but to extensive settlement by small-scale Italian farmers. To obtain land for Italian colonization, the government invoked the principle—opportunely found sanctioned by the Koran—that all uncultivated land belongs to the state. It consequently appropriated the steppe districts, where Italian colonization has been most widespread, and the mountainous highlands of Gebel, paying compensation to the natives and granting concessions to Italian emigrants, who are expected to provide capital. The steppe districts are suitable for the cultivation of cereals, olive, almond and mulberry trees, and castor-oil plants, while on the Gebel, whose climate resembles that of Sicily, thrive the olive, fig, vine and other fruit trees. The government has spent considerable money in planting trees on the shifting sand-dunes and in digging artesian wells.

The economic development of Cyrenaica, torn until recently by guerilla warfare, has lagged behind that of Tripoli. Pasturage is abundant, and cattle could be bred on a large scale. The natives are for the most part nomads who sow their fields and then go off to grazing lands, returning only to garner their crops. The Fascists hope that, as economic conditions improve, the population will acquire more sedentary habits of life. Cyrenaica, like Tripoli, lacks water and mineral resources. About a hundred agricultural enterprises are conducted by Italians, either as outright owners or on concession from the government, which gives the colonists financial and technical assistance. A state settlement bureau, established in 1933 with an initial capital of 38,000,000 lire, controls vast tracts of land in the Gebel district, considered best suited for Italian colonization, and encourages immigration from the mother country, especially Sicily. Its efforts, however, have not yet been crowned with success. In 1934 only ninety families were transferred to Cyrenaica. At present Italians form ten percent of the colony's population, totaling 160,500. It is estimated that, in the most favorable circumstances, Libya might absorb 60,000 Italian emigrants over a period of twenty years. Libya thus offers little prospect of relieving Italy's population problem.

At the Paris Peace Conference Italy sought to improve the position of Libya by demanding from France rectification of the colony's western frontier and access to Lake Tchad—demands that Paris rejected as excessive. In January, 1935, under the Rome accord concluded by Laval and Mussolini, France ceded to Italy 110,000 square miles of Sahara desert bordering on the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, which, according to Il Duce, were inhabited by exactly sixty-two natives.

The African Balance Sheet.—If the Italian colonies have proved disappointing as outlets for emigration, they have been little more rewarding as markets and sources of raw materials. Only 4.7 percent of total Italian exports went to the colonies in 1934, and Italy was forced to finance even this limited trade by heavy investments of capital in Africa which brought no commensurate returns in terms of imports from the colonies, estimated in 1934 at 1.1 percent of Italy's total imports. Exports from Italy to its African possessions totaled 248,000,000 lire in 1934, as compared with imports valued at only 84,300,000 lire. Libya, which takes the largest share of Italian colonial exports, has the greatest adverse balance of trade with Italy.

This disillusioning experience should not be taken as *prima facie* evidence that the Italian people are incapable of successful colonial administration, provided they have something other than deserts to work with. Italian emigrants have demonstrated their capacity for developing and enriching Argentina, Brazil and the United States, as well as Africa, where they have contributed in large measure to the prosperity of French-controlled Tunis. But, as long as they were unhampered by immigration restrictions, the Italians went to countries with vast economic potentialities, which demanded no capital except physical strength and ability. The arid Italian colonies, which lack raw materials yet require financial investment, make no appeal to the average emigrant.

Would the conquest of Ethiopia solve Italy's colonial problem? The raw materials that the Fascists hope to find in Haile Selassie's empire—gold, coal, oil, cotton—are at present largely speculative, and even if they exist would call for heavy capital investment over a long period of years. Such land as is available for cultivation is already thickly populated by Ethiopians, who would have to be either decimated by war or deported if room were to be made for Italian colonists. Nor could extensive colonization be undertaken without capital, which Italy cannot hope to command, least of all at the end of a costly war. Like other Great Powers, Italy has discovered that colonies are worth much less than they cost—except in terms of national prestige. In a world free of barriers to emigration and trade Italy should be able both to find an outlet for its population and to obtain, at reasonable cost, the raw materials it needs. Now that Mussolini has cast the die for war, the League must employ every method at its disposal to castigate the aggressor. But this does not relieve it of responsibility for removing, with equal energy, the barriers that worldwide nationalism has placed in the way of countries underprivileged in raw materials—provided these countries are willing to exercise some measure of birth control.

VERA MICHELES DEAN.

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EIGHT WOMEN POETS

The editors do not feel that women produce a poetry so distinct from the poetry written by men that it needs to be displayed by itself. It happens, however, that in the various poetry anthologies printed here during the past year, women poets have not been adequately represented. That was our reason for asking Miss Hildegarde Flanner to collect and edit a group composed exclusively of their work.—THE EDITORS.

Baroque Comment

From loud sound and still chance;
From mindless earth, wet with a dead million leaves;
From the forest, the empty desert, the tearing beasts,
The kelp-disordered beaches;
Coincident with the lie, anger, lust, oppression, and death
in many forms:

Ornamental structures, continents apart, separated by seas;
Fitted marble; swung bells; fruit in garlands as well as
on the branch;
The flower at last in bronze, stretched backward or
curled within;
Stone in various shapes: beyond the pyramid, the con-
trived arch and the buttress;
The named constellations;
Crown and vesture; palm and laurel chosen as noble and
enduring;
Speech proud in sound; death considered sacrifice;
Mask, weapon, urn; the ordered strings;
Fountains; foreheads under weather-bleached hair;
The wreath, the oar, the tool,
The prow;
The turned eyes and the opened mouth of love.

LOUISE BOGAN.

Midsummer Noon

Calm, ripe and gold, the shadows fell
On trees whose green was feather-light
In the sweet air against a sky:
Tranced in the rich midsummer spell
Of beauty, warm, compacted, bright,
Glowing in clear intensity.

And in my wrists and at my brain
The jeweled tick of time and sun
Subsided and grew still again.
I saw the sparkling shadows run
Through glimmering avenues of trees
To exquisite oblivion
And the high pitch of noon was done.

And in my head, my ears, my heart,
And in the subtle wrist-pulse clear
I felt a clamorous faintness start:
In intimate and desperate fear,
Death's elegant, worn face drew near.
The dwindling shadows of that high
Perfection that had grown complete
Had drained my joy's deep fountain dry
And left things salt that once were sweet.

The world, a candle softly glowing,
Restored itself to its own size,
Restored its lowered love and heat
Into the sun-dilated eyes;
And natural quiet swiftly blowing
Fabulously through ripening wheat.

MARYA ZATURENSKA.

Like Mistletoe, the Last

Bitter and bright and beautiful the bough,
Nor dark, nor dawn shall alter it, for now
Mistletoe is the fruit of life, and high
Swings in the barren tree against the sky.

Like some green heart still beating, like a wreath
Blooming upon the bone, in icy breath
Of wind reflowering high above the snows,
This crown and cross above its burial glows.

Winter's cathedral, druid sacrifice,
Pillared by frozen trees and lit with ice,
One poisonous flame, one symbol still remains,
The killing life that this high altar stains.

EDA LOU WALTON.

Unexampled Harvest

Seeing in spring the frothy spume,
Windblown in green upon the bough,
One could not but assume,
For fall,
Phenomena of now.

Apples on the apple-bough,
Mind of man was swift to see,
Inherent in the blossoming tree.

Predestined that the dahlia leaf,
Foreshadowed by each previous spring,
No flower but the dahlia bring.

Thought, as fine as gossamer spun,
Leaves no root of thought behind,
Message, surely seeded, none.

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Lacking leaf and bloom and vine,
Where a seasonal presage find,
Today, of your next season's mind?

PEARL ANDELSON SHERRY.

This Proud, This Marvel

I do not call them beautiful and good,
These small, these creatures beneath foot,
Either to mock or to forget my kind.
It is the truth that they are beautiful,
The slow, the cold, the little, the half-blind;
Life at the faintest nerve, life at the root.

Let those impatient of the feebler nerve,
Disdainful of the narrower consciousness,
Postpone their scorn, and tell me where began
This proud, the wonderful, this marvel, Man?

He is not special substance of his own,
Strange to the nervous tissue of the world;
Not different from beast as beast from stone,
Not alien element, not mystic force.

He is organic substance longer grown,
More wise, more intricate, most beautiful.
This wholly honors him, to praise the source,
To love the living substance, and assume
The dignity of toad and bird and bat
And the gilled creature in the human womb.

MARIE DE L. WELCH.

From "Calle de Los Angeles"

Delivers papers to the doors of sleep,
Tosses up news upon the shores of sleep,
In the day's damp in the street's swamp wades deep,
And is himself the boy drowned drowned with sleep.

Crosses to the corner with the lamp
Already dark, even asleep the lamp,
Treads in the wet grass, wares, leaps as in swamp
The gutters dark with darkening of the lamp.

Hears only the thud and thud against the doors
Of the news falling asleep against the doors,
The slip and drip of mist on the two shores,
Sees without light or sight the coasts of doors.

Sees at a door a light, Herald Sir?
Wakes to the whistle and light, Herald Sir?
To the latch lifted and the face's blur
Wakes; wakes coin, day, greeting, Herald Sir.

JOSEPHINE MILES.

On Planting a Small Lilac in Vermont

Yes, this lilac I am planting signifies
The old New England rural and decayed,
Flower and leaf Frost loves, the lavender,
False-blue that Amy Lowell made
Out of mere statement purple into spray.

It's a young lilac tagged from Bloomingdales.
The doorstep that it's by is farmer style.
I like to plant, to see the twig-roots bed.
Lilac and I will have to wait a while
Before the purpose of this planting's clear.

Planting for future people with sure hands
Is pleasure of the purest. Live and unfold!
You only seem to be compact New England—
(Her virtues stale and her intelligence cold).
I plant you for another country sure of flowers.

How well you nestled into Persian ways!
Your heart-shaped leaf ran on the border cloth.
And in this place of sunken cellar doors,
In deep grass, by deserted barns, you are both
Voluptuous and frugal like the folks.

You'll see another change. Doorstep will change.
The tight sad house will change. And in its place
I can't see much, only the doorstep edge,
Hear children talking, see a happier face
Than you can find in the working class today.

Grow for those people, lilac. Be no family shrub.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD.

The Buck

Heard him from the cliff where the fern dripped,
Faint deep he's calling to the doe:
Heard, where the brook ran cold and subtle,
Straight from icy vitals of the snow:
Heard him from the trail where summer smells
So soft, and the large air is brightened balm,
Voice like blunt horns in caverns blown, the buck,
And stripped the silence, the cliff-glittering calm.

Bell bell that rings in middle of a rock,
His cry of green wood lifted hot and dense,
Till forest feels it in the least, the leaf,
A murmurous knowledge out of sun and sense.
O rumor rolled on mountain wind, heard heard
From far in wood's black glamor and the place
Witness to such wild beatitude
And the clear startle of sierran grace.

Somewhere, sheer hope assured, by snow's white side
And the bright dangle of dewed glacier lilies,
Desire does overtake its own at last,
Blithe among cedar slopes the running bride.
Not desperate disunion gaunt on stone,
Not the gray heart, left louder and alone.

HILDEGARDE FLANNER.

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The Autobiography of a Drummer

I WAS born in Boston in 1869. My family had lived in Boston and had been schoolmasters and shipmasters there ever since anyone could remember. We were poor and my mother was a widow. She ran a boarding house. My older brother and my sister worked and I prepared to go to work as soon as I had finished grammar school. I decided to go into the shoe business and I decided to be a commercial traveler. I wanted to be a commercial traveler as other men want to be doctors and generals and presidents.

When I was twelve years old I left school and got a job as an office-boy in a big boot and shoe firm. My salary for the first year was one hundred dollars. Then I was promoted to an entry clerk and my salary for the next year was two hundred dollars. Jobs were not easy to get then and I had to work hard to hold my job. When I went to work the streets were empty and when I came home from work the streets were dark and empty. Finally I got a chance to learn the construction end of the business in a shoe factory in Lynn. I went there and lived in a cheap boarding house and learned how shoes were made. I still know how shoes are made. I can tell the price and sometimes the manufacture of nearly every pair of shoes I see; although sometimes it makes me sick to look at them, they are so cheap. Well, I worked there for five years and in 1891 my salary had grown to seven hundred dollars. That was the year I was given my first chance to sell on the road.

I will never forget that as long as I live. I took a train from Boston to New York and from New York to Baltimore. I like to travel in trains. (Whenever I have spent my vacations in the country I walk down to the depot each day to see the one train come through.) I had a new suit and a new grip and a sample case and a new pair of shoes. The shoes hurt like hell. I've never worn new shoes on a trip since then. My wallet was full of expense money. I like money too. Whenever I have money in my pocket and whenever I'm taking a train for another city it always seems as though my life were beginning. When I got on that train it seemed as if my life were beginning.

That time I went down to Baltimore, as I have said. I came into Baltimore late one afternoon. I took a sample room at the Canollton Hotel. There was running water in the room but no bath. The rates were four dollars a day including four big meals if you wanted them. The man who took your hat at the entrance of the dining room, I remember, never gave you a check, but he always returned the right hat to each guest. A ten-cent tip was plenty. The waiters were courteous and distinguished looking. The dining-room was on the second floor. I stayed there two days and I made enough to cover my expenses and salary at a little under the estimated selling cost of the home office. When I got back the boss congratulated me.

That was my first success and that was the beginning of a lot of success. My mother had since died and my brother and sister had married. I didn't see much of my mother at the end of her life and I have always regretted this. I didn't have much interest in what my brother and sister were doing. I had my own life. It kept me busy all of the time. Every sign I looked at and every color and shape I saw and even the rain and the snow reminded me of sales talk and shoes. I began to get a reputation. I worked with that firm until 1894 and then I had a better offer out in Syracuse, so I went out there. I was making three thousand dollars a year then. I always traveled by the fastest trains and I had all of my clothes made by a good tailor and I stayed in expensive hotels. I had a lot of friends and a lot of women. The time went quickly. My salary grew larger by a thousand dollars every year.

Those years on the road were the best years and they didn't seem to have any end. I often sold two carloads of shoes over a glass of whiskey. Half of the time I had more money than I knew what to do with. I was successful. I was more successful than I had ever imagined I would be; even when I was twelve years old. I spent all of those years in trains and clubs and hotels. My territory was changed at intervals so that at one time or another I have covered every section of the United States. I know the United States and I love the United States. I can repeat the names of its towns now in hundreds like the names of women and I know the hotels and the time tables and even its train smoke smells sweet to me.

I had ten suits of clothing and twenty pairs of shoes and two sailboats, which I kept in Boston and raced whenever I was in that city. I gambled on the horses at all the big tracks and played Canfield and craps and roulette. I was a Mason and an honorary member of the Elks and I had two large insurance premiums.

My sales record varied as conditions changed, but my income stayed close to ten thousand. It was down on some seasons and way up on others. Droughts, heavy rains, fashions, deaths, scraps between partners, all had their effects on the business but it was fundamentally the same business I had been learning since I was twelve years old. If you lost one customer you could always get another. Buying was done by individuals for individual firms. The shoes I sold were expensive and beautiful. The business also had a seasonal lift because men wore boots in the winter and oxfords in the summer, and nobody ever wore oxfords in the winter. If they did they were crazy.

In 1925 my salary began to decrease, going from ten thousand to eight thousand. I was working for a firm in Rockland then, with my headquarters at the Hotel Statler in Detroit. At the end of that year the firm went out of business. They were be-

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ginning to feel the trend in fashion toward inexpensive shoes. They were wise to get out of it when they did and not to hang around like the rest of us suckers.

At the beginning of the next year I went on the road for a firm in Lynn, but they liquidated after I had been with them for nine months. All of the wise men were getting out of the business and forgetting about it. But I couldn't get out of it and I couldn't forget it. I was fifty-seven years old. I was growing old. I couldn't remember anything but trains and hotels and shoes.

After that I tried to find another firm that manufactured the kind of shoes I was used to handling but I couldn't find one. They were all selling out or liquidating. Finally I went on the road selling cheap shoes for a firm in Weymouth, Massachusetts. This was the first time in my life that I had ever sold cheap shoes and I hated to do it. You had to sell a thousand pairs to make what you could make on a hundred pairs in the old days. My sales hardly covered my commission and salary and expenses. I worked hard and I sold a lot of shoes but I couldn't make any profit. It was like trying to stop it from raining with my two hands. In those last years I never made more than three thousand dollars.

After that all of my trips went in the red. Methods of doing business had changed, faster than I could change. Chain stores and stores owned by manufacturers took the place of stores owned by individuals. Cheap shoes took the place of expensive shoes. Railway fares went up and hotel rates didn't get any lower. The few independent dealers who remained did not buy enough to pay the expenses of selling them. Hand-to-chin buying, we call it. On my sixty-second birthday I was without work. I have not worked since. I am growing old. My insurance policy has lapsed. My money has gone. My brother and my sister are dead. My friends are dead. The world that I know how to walk and talk and earn a living in, has gone. The sound of the traffic below the window of this furnished room reminds me of that.

We have been forgotten. Everything we know is useless. But when I think about the days on the road and about what I have done and what has been done to me, I hardly ever think about it with any bitterness. We have been forgotten like old telephone books and almanacs and gas-lights and those big yellow houses with cornices and cupolas that they used to build. That is all there is to it. Although sometimes I feel as if my life had been a total loss. I feel it in the morning sometimes when I'm shaving. I get sick as if I had eaten something that didn't agree with me and I have to put down the razor and support myself against the wall.

JON CHEEVER.

This is the first of a group of short stories and sketches that The New Republic is planning to publish.—THE EDITORS.

Washington Notes

Business Ogles the War Boom—Peace-Mongers vs. Peace—Tories of Various Feathers —Mr. Berry Talks to Business

THE PROTESTS of exporters against Mr. Roosevelt's neutrality proclamation should not be taken lightly. They mark the beginning of a debate likely to increase in fierceness until next February, when Congress must vote on permanent legislation to supersede the present temporary law. Once before a President, Thomas Jefferson, tried to prohibit commerce with belligerents, and nearly caused the secession of New England as a result. The advocates of peace will find that the hard work of keeping America out of war has just begun.

According to the Department of Commerce, our exports to Italy for the first eight months of 1935 ran $3,700,000 above those of last year. Exports for August, the latest month for which figures are available, were $622,774 above those for August, 1934. Massawa, Eritrea, leads all other foreign ports as the destination of American motor trucks. Although the Ford Company has denied direct dealings with Italy, it is reported that two thousand Ford trucks, valued at $1,350,000, have been shipped to East Africa. Purchases have also been made of machinery used in making shell casings, and Waterbury, Connecticut, is reported to have experienced a mild war boom.

The resentment of business men against Mr. Roosevelt's neutrality policy, however, is based not on existing orders, but on rumors of a rosier future. One report being circulated is that Mussolini will soon settle his differences with England and the League, and as a reward will be granted a loan by his ally, France. In this event, it is confidently stated that he will buy heavily of American machinery—particularly trucks and tractors. Another report rests on the exactly opposite premise that he will be tightly nipped by the League boycott, and forced to use Italy's gold reserve and foreign investments to buy in America. Romolo Angelone, the Italian Embassy's commercial attaché, has helped give substance to the latter report by boasting that Italy could mobilize, if necessary, more than a billion dollars for immediate purchases.

Quite apart from the Italo-Ethiopian conflict, business men seem fascinated by the prospect of a general European war. Every tipster letter written from Washington nowadays includes a few sophisticated words about the tension between France and its allies on one side, and Germany and Poland on the other, and the probable effects of a conflagration on American recovery. The fact that Europe today has no funds with which to buy in this country as it did in 1914 is dismissed with the wholly untrue remark: "Nations can always find money for a war." Apparently business men are not interested in the probability that another world struggle would mean capitalism's suicide. All they know is that a concern in Waterbury, Connecticut, has a war order, and they wish they had one too.

A number of prominent peace advocates, in and out of Congress, are obliquely aiding business in fighting rigid neutrality legislation. Senator Pope of Idaho, personally

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as pure-hearted an idealist as ever lived, is one of them. Once the United States abandons its defense of the freedom of the seas, its influence in the councils of Europe will drop to the level of Tibet's. At present, we are listened to with anxious respect, for our fleet, in new combat units, is the strongest in the world. With our industrial resources, we could readily be the deciding factor in a new war. Mr. Baldwin, for example, has repeatedly said that England's policy must always conform to that pursued by America. But the moment we commit ourselves to hard-and-fast neutrality, Europe will lose all interest in us. From the point of view of Senator Pope and those who think as he does, we shall destroy whatever influence we possess for world peace, and to this they are opposed.

Spectacular plans are being discussed for a reactionary coalition party to combat Mr. Roosevelt in next year's election. One proposal calls for a convention of anti-New Deal Democrats to be held simultaneously with the Republican convention, at which a common platform will be evolved. According to another plan, prominent business men are to hold a meeting well in advance of the campaign, and indicate the program and candidates acceptable to them. It is agreed that the presidential candidate will be a Republican, and the candidate for Vice President a Democrat. Leading conservative Democrats, however, are to be guaranteed jobs in the Cabinet. The three principal sponsors of these plans are Mr. Hearst, represented by his current political agent, former Secretary of State Colby; Mr. Shouse and the American Liberty League; and, most recently, former Senator Edge and a group of New York industrialists.

The formation of a genuine Tory party in this country would, in my opinion, be an excellent step. By depriving Mr. Roosevelt of all hope of retaining conservative business support, it would make it easier for him to follow a consistently liberal program. In another four years the Democratic Party might have moved far enough to the left to be captured by working-class representatives and transformed into a frank labor party. But there is no likelihood that any such basic realignment can be brought about under the plans now being put forward. The men whose names are being mentioned in connection with them —Al Smith, Lewis W. Douglas, former Justice Pattengall of Maine, former Governor Ely of Massachusetts, former Governor Ritchie of Maryland—are all of them, with the exception of Mr. Douglas, superannuated politicians searching for a last chance at power. Mr. Douglas is a special case. If he wants to campaign for the Republican candidate next summer, he will have no trouble in negotiating for a high post in the event of a Republican victory. A coalition movement need not be taken seriously until anti-New Deal Democrats like Senator Byrd of Virginia, who have something to lose by breaking with their party, show signs of joining it. The latest scheme of Senator Edge to have Henry Ford lead a coalition movement belongs among the oddities of pre-convention politics. No greater bit of luck could come to Mr. Roosevelt than to have Mr. Ford, with his open-shop record to alienate progressives, and his economic heresies to scare off conservatives, as the leader of his opponents.

Major George L. Berry, head of the pressmen's union and present caretaker of the defunct N.R.A., has suddenly become one of the key political figures of the administration. Last week Major Berry dispatched six thousand letters to business men asking them to confer individually with him on plans for a revived N.R.A. No doubt need be cast on the sincerity of his desire for information, but it is obvious that he will be in an excellent position to propagandize for the New Deal. Major Berry happens to be a warm friend of Mr. Farley, and as the prospective confidant of six thousand business leaders he should be invaluable in formulating the strategy for next year's campaign. His conferences, for one thing, are likely to have a part in deciding whether Mr. Roosevelt will accept his defeat by the Supreme Court in the Schechter decision or will propose a constitutional change to extend federal control over industry.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Our Hungry Exporters and Importers—Neutrality or What?—Bird of Trade in the Bush

IF ANYONE deludes himself with the warm expectation that America will be permitted to practise what the very superior New York Times editorial writer refers to sneeringly as "our new neutrality" without a strong fight, he is very much mistaken. There are no bonds between us and Mr. Mussolini about which any powerful group in America are very much concerned. We can stand off and watch Italy pound the Lion of Judah and his inoffensive peoples into a pulp without getting very much excited save as it furnishes us with a good newspaper drama. Yet, mild as our spiritual and cultural and trade alliances are, already a good deal of heat has been worked up over the President's proclamation of neutrality.

In New York City groups of exporters and importers have raised their voices in angry denunciation of the President. What! they shout, at the very moment when England and France with their sanctions are about to throw a magnificent $100,000,000 plum into our laps, when all we have to do is to reach out and get that trade, the President interferes with us by his proclamation? Of course the President has done no such thing. These hungry gentlemen will be able to rush in and grab whatever trade England and France throw aside as part of their pressure on Italy. But the mere suspicion that this prize may elude them is enough to send them into a frenzy of wrathful denunciation.

That is easy to understand. You do not expect a peddler to applaud the police who exclude him from some street for public reasons. But the eminent New York Times observes with its eyebrows up an inch or two that already our "new neutrality" has cost these traders $5,000,000 and may cost them a great deal more. It hints that this abandonment of our ancient demand of the freedom of the seas is a little odd, to say the least.

In passing we might remind The Times that while we may have lost $5,000,000 of trade by our "new neutrality,"

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we lost $2,000,000,000 by our "old neutrality" in the last war in our dealings with Italy alone. Italy still owes that money. What good did that trade do either ourselves or Italy?

But all this is suggested chiefly as an indication of what may come when larger and juicier plums are being taken away from us in the event England and France go into the war. For some reason England exercises a powerful influence, not on the minds of the masses of Americans, but over certain persons who have access to the press, the pulpit and other agencies of propaganda, to say nothing of the apparent willingness of our State Department to play along with England. It has been reported that the opposition to the neutrality resolution that developed in the White House and the demand for discretionary powers for the President as against a mandatory law, originated with Mr. Norman Davis, our roving ambassador.

If England goes into this war and we are asked to apply our neutrality laws to England and to France, then you will hear the welkin ring with the voices of Dr. Manning of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine and the other persons of his complexion who have already indicated that they think we should take our place with England in the battle for civilization against Italy. Then you will hear the traders howl. For then it will be a loss not of $5,000,000 but of hundreds of millions. Then you will hear The New York Times grow gravely troubled about our ancient rights upon the seas.

In only a few months now Congress will be back. When it returns it will be asked to pass more neutrality legislation, real neutrality legislation. It will be asked to bar foreign loans and foreign commercial credits to nations at war. It will be asked to prohibit shipment of any kinds of goods—food, clothing, anything—to belligerents on American ships. It will be asked to define arms, munitions and implements of war and to amend the neutrality act to include an embargo against certain essential elements in the manufacture of munitions, such as cotton and iron. Then will come the patriotic cotton men and steel men to protest against this surrender of our rights. The time to be warned about all this is now.

The present neutrality law, which is perfectly sound as far as it goes, will, however, have little effect upon shipments to Italy. Ethiopia has no money to buy munitions. And Italy has no great need of them. She can make her own munitions. But she does urgently need the raw materials of manufacture. In the three months preceding the neutrality proclamation, Italy did not buy $1,000 worth of munitions from us. But she did buy scrap iron and cotton.

The neutrality, therefore, will not cause us any severe loss. We are still at liberty to sell to Italy any of those things she really wants to buy. If England and France apply economic sanctions, prohibit Italy from sending goods to their ports and try to prevent her from buying goods in England, France or their colonies, then whatever Italy wishes to buy, she may turn to us for. And as there is nothing to prevent her from buying and selling here, sanctions may actually have the effect of increasing our trade.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

On the Labor Front

Stuff for Poets—Felt Slippers for the Labor Boards—Hot Air and Company Unions

I WAS profoundly touched the other day in reading an ode composed by Mr. Henry E. Cordell and dedicated by him to the Wagner-Connery labor-disputes law. The opening stanza of Mr. Cordell's work, published in a recent issue of Federation News, official organ of the Chicago Federation of Labor, seemed especially moving:

> As the Phoenix from the ashes
> Rose the Wagner-Connery bill—
> Now the sun in glory flashes
> Triumphantly o'er the hill

But as I read these stirring sentiments my mind wandered, I regret to say, to more prosaic matters. What actual benefits, I was curious to know, had the Wagner-Connery act (now two and a half months old) thus far conferred on labor? Such information does not, of course, make good poetic material, and Mr. Cordell's failure to deal with it is understandable. But if the National Labor Relations Board has been able under the new act to win new victories in the cause of collective bargaining, should not this news be broadcast triumphantly to the workers? My curiosity was further stimulated by the fact that of late the newspapers, which I follow closely, have carried hardly a word about the work of the Board.

It now appears that the chief reason why there has been no news about the Board's achievements is that there have been no achievements. The Board has issued extensive rules of procedure to cover the handling of labor disputes, but as yet it has not filed a formal complaint against a single employer. This is not because employers have not engaged in unfair labor practices, but because the Board does not want to get involved in another Schechter case and have the Wagner-Connery law declared unconstitutional. The idea seems to be to wait until an airtight case comes along, one that the Supreme Court will be forced to uphold, if such a thing is possible. Meanwhile, the Board is proceeding very cautiously in a state bordering on suspended animation. The same may be said of the twenty-one regional labor boards. Pending a test case, they are not permitted to file any complaints against employers, but must send all disputes to Washington. While this policy is no doubt commendable from a long-term point of view, it quite obviously offers little immediate hope to workers or unions that happen to be the victims of unfair labor practices at the moment. The regional labor boards are further restricted in their activities in that they can no longer engage in mediation, a function now reserved to the Department of Labor. The extremely legalistic procedure to which the labor boards must now adhere practically excludes all efforts on their part to bring a speedy settlement of disputes through informal conferences.

That this may produce interminable delays in the settlement of labor controversies can hardly be doubted. As announced by the National Labor Relations Board, the handling of a dispute may necessitate the following steps:

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by Heywood Broun

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by Leonard Woolf

THIS IS A BITING attack upon the quackery in political and intellectual life. The author shows, in the first part, that there has been a revolt against reason in modern times, that such a revolt is always a symptom of the breakdown of civilization and the return to the emotions of primitive man. Here he traces "quackery in practice" and shows its latest manifestations in Fascism. In the second part, Mr. Woolf attacks "theoretical quackery"—and provided a counterblast to the fake eloquence of Spengler. *Illustrated.* $2.00

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A worker or union files a charge against an employer. The regional board investigates the charge and, if action seems justified, serves a complaint upon the employer. The employer is then given five days or longer in which to file an answer. Extended hearings may follow. The board then makes a decision. Either side may appeal to the National Labor Relations Board, which may gather further evidence, hold additional hearings, and so on. Its decision may then be taken into the Circuit Court of Appeals. From there it may go to the Supreme Court.

Thus the business of putting an unfair labor practice in the scales of justice is revealed as an extraordinarily delicate operation, necessitating an imposing array of legal barriers that labor must surmount. Of course, this is not to say that the Wagner-Connery act—when, as and if enforced—will become just another "run-around." It is merely to suggest that the factor of delay may hamper its effectiveness and be a vital handicap where delay, as in strikes, is so often fatal to the workers' cause.

If one could be sure that government reports were prepared as a basis for action, and not merely to be read and filed away, then the Department of Labor's recent study of company unions could be hailed as a great promise. The study provides us with a devastating argument against the company union. The purpose of the survey was to discover to what extent employees are free to conduct company unions as they choose—to what extent, in brief, company unions can be considered genuine labor organizations. To determine this, the department compared existing practices in company unions with five standards of "independence"—did the company unions pay dues, hold regular membership meetings, have written contracts with employers, maintain contacts with other workers' organizations, and retain the right to demand arbitration of grievances whereby the management relinquished its absolute veto power?

Out of 593 company unions, covering 530,388 employees, only ten were reported as possessing simultaneously these five attributes. The total number of workers in these establishments was 6,515, or only 1.2 percent of all workers in company unions. As against this, seventy-six company unions in plants employing 17.6 percent of the workers, exhibited none of these features. On the highly important matter of written agreements, the department found that only seventy-seven of the 593 plants had such agreements with their company unions. It appears, however, that only nineteen of these agreements could be considered as drawn along accepted trade-union lines. Eight of the so-called agreements merely contained expressions of mutual good will, with no mention of wages, hours or working conditions. In the light of these disclosures, the department's further finding is somewhat ironic—that 64 percent of the company unions studied came into existence during the existence of the N.R.A., that golden period of collective bargaining. WILLIAM P. MANGOLD.

CORRESPONDENCE

The House of Morgan and the Banking Law

SIR: In the department, "Other People's Money," of your September 25 issue, there appeared an article by Mr. John T. Flynn on the formation of Morgan Stanley and Company, Incorporated. The highly offensive subheading of this article is "The House of Morgan Circumvents the Law."

With all due respect, I submit that this subheading and the phrase in Mr. Flynn's article from which the headline writer has drawn inspiration are entirely without justification—as I believe that in general the tone of the article is unjustified. Throughout his article, Mr. Flynn has given an impression that in my belief is contrary to the facts. He has accomplished this not by direct statement of fact but by the free use of such words as "circumvent," "strategem" and "device."

Not only have neither the firm of J. P. Morgan and Company nor any of its partners "circumvented" a law, but they have acted in strict compliance with every feature of the law and in fact with the general views of the public which found expression in the law itself. In accordance with that law, our firm elected to remain in the banking business as private bankers and accordingly gave up its securities business.

More than two years subsequent to the passage of the Banking and Securities Acts of 1933, several of the partners and staff associates of our firm, who, speaking in general terms, had been particularly conversant with and active in the securities business, withdrew to form the new corporation of Morgan Stanley and Company.

If Mr. Flynn and your editors had read carefully the announcements made by ourselves and by Messrs. Morgan Stanley and Company on September 6, 1935, they would have seen how clear cut this withdrawal and this separation were. The managers of Morgan Stanley and Company own all of the common stock, which has the sole right of electing directors and which has the sole right to benefit in any earnings of the new corporation over and above six percent upon a non-voting preferred stock. The latter stock again in accordance with the law, was bought by some of the former associates of the new company's managers. In all the debates preceding the passage of the 1933 Acts, it was clear that the obvious intention of the bill was to separate the businesses of deposit banking and of handling securities. In the case of our firm this has been accomplished without reserve. There was nothing in the debates preceding the Banking Act of 1933, and there is nothing in the Act, that for a moment suggests that either legislators or public desired to prevent men who had become experienced in the business of securities from forming independent organizations to continue in such business.

Accordingly, the formation by our former partners of Morgan Stanley and Company was by no stretch of the imagination a circumvention of the law, a stratagem, or a device, as suggested by Mr. Flynn.

Of all the comments which have been drawn to my attention, this article in The New Republic is the only one which, even by inference, indicated that the step was not in complete compliance with the spirit of the law, as I believe it to be.

New York City. GEORGE WHITNEY.

SIR: Mr. Whitney's complaint, divested of its expressions of wounded feeling, may be easily stated. The Glass-Steagal Banking Act of 1933 prohibited commercial banks and private banks from engaging in the business of security underwriting and merchandising. J. P. Morgan and Company was a private commercial bank which also underwrote and sold securities. It was therefore compelled within the statutory period to choose whether it would remain a private commercial bank or an investment-security house. About a year ago it made its choice. It elected

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to be a private commercial bank. Now some of its partners withdraw from the banking firm and organize an investment-banking house. Among these partners is Mr. Henry Morgan, the son of the present J. P. Morgan. The original firm will operate as a commercial bank. The newly organized firm will operate as an investment house. The funds for the newly organized firm are furnished by partners of the commercial bank. The investment-banking business of the Morgan firm is taken over to the new Morgan investment firm. Morgan *père* and his associates run the commercial-banking house. Morgan *fils* and his associates run the investment-banking house.

I wrote that the Morgan firm "had found a way to do something that looked like circumventing the law." Mr. Whitney says that neither J. P. Morgan and Company nor any of its partners circumvented the law. He insists that they "have acted in strict compliance with every feature of the law and in fact with the general views of the public which found expression in the law itself." This is a plain issue.

I was not alone in believing that this looked like a circumvention of the law. The New York Sun is no enemy of the House of Morgan. In recording the events, The Sun announced that "Morgan interests reënter [bond] field in time to preserve old alliances." Then the Sun writer said that it was generally agreed either that the Morgan firm would have to segregate some of its partners and have them form an investment-banking firm or that it would have to relinquish all of its valuable investment connections (New York Sun, September 7). Apparently the Sun financial writer believed that the Morgan firm chose not to relinquish its valuable investment connections and merely segregated some of its partners for the purpose of keeping these connections.

The same day The Boston News Bureau, well known financial journal, said "Organization of a securities firm by partners of Morgan-Drexel firm represents a step by the last of the former leading security underwriting houses *to resume underwriting*" (italics mine). Therefore I think I had some justification for saying that this looked like a device for getting around the law. Has Mr. Whitney written to The Boston News Bureau and The New York Sun demanding a correction?

I will leave it to the reader whether or not the Morgan partners have "acted in strict compliance *in fact with the general views of the public which found expression in the law itself.*" The general public view—pretty nearly unanimous at the time—was that those engaged in commercial banking should keep out of investment banking. Now Mr. J. P. Morgan's son and a group of other Morgan partners and employees "withdraw" from the Morgan firm and organize an investment house. The funds for this are furnished by the Morgan partners. The new investment house has a capital and surplus of $8,000,000. Of this, $7,500,000 has been put up by the Morgan partners, who hold preferred stock in the new investment house for it, while only $500,000 has been put up by those Morgan partners who have withdrawn from the old firm for which they hold the common stock. Does Mr. Whitney pretend that the Morgan partners are not in the investment-banking business to the extent of supplying fifteen-sixteenths of the capital of the new firm and having a first claim on its profits?

The plain intent of the law was that these two businesses—commercial banking and investment banking—should be absolutely separate, controlled and directed by entirely separate groups of men. I repeat what I said in my article, that the Morgan firm, with its high pretensions to respectability, should take the lead in setting the example for compliance with the spirit of the law.

New York City. JOHN T. FLYNN.

For Letters from Auguste Comte

SIR: I should be grateful for information relating to letters written from 1851 to 1857 by Auguste Comte, founder of the Positive Philosophy, to the following Americans: Professor George Frederick Holmes, of Virginia; the Reverend John McClintock, editor of The Methodist Quarterly and president of Drew Theological Seminary; Horace Binney Wallace and John William Wallace, of Philadelphia; Professor William Mitchell Gillespie, of Union College, Schenectady, New York; James O'Connell, author of "Vestiges of Civilization"; Henry Edgar, of Modern Times, Thompson Station, Long Island, New York; John Metcalf, of New York City; and H. Ewerbeck, of Illinois. My address is Widener 176, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Cambridge, Mass. RICHMOND L. HAWKINS.

Extracts from Letters

THREE interesting ideas were put forward in letters commenting on our recent series of articles printed under the general title, "Will We Stay Out of the Next War?" Robert A. Hume, of Brookings, South Dakota, suggests that instead of an absolute embargo on our foreign trade (commerce with belligerents being the greatest immediate factor tending to involve us in war), we should hold down exports of goods not directly military in character (such as cotton and wheat) to peacetime levels. The quota for each commodity would be determined by the average exports of that commodity for the six years preceding the outbreak of hostilities. He thinks belligerents would regard this system as fair, and it would enable us to avoid the economic dislocation of wiping out our foreign trade, while at the same time protecting us from dangerous involvements. John Grant, of Boston, Massachusetts, stresses the importance of a profit economy as a causative factor for war and pays tribute to Russia as being in a position where it is profitable to stay out of war, in contrast with other countries beset with the need for capitalist-nationalist expansion. Henry R. Fuller, of New York City, believes that an American boycott of the Olympic Games in Berlin would be an act of misplaced fervor, for it would tend to aggravate rather than reduce the already dangerously high war-potential throughout the world.

Efforts to change the name of "The American Caravan" to "Foreground" have been unsuccessful. The editors inform us that the original name has made such an impression on the public that they have decided to call the 1936 edition "The New Caravan: American Literature in the Making." Manuscripts are to be submitted between now and January 1 to the editors, Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford and Paul Rosenfeld, in care of W. W. Norton, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

The New Film Alliance, of 110 West Fortieth Street, New York City, sends us notice of its objectives. It is a non-partisan and non-profit organization, "formed to sponsor, produce, exhibit and distribute motion pictures," and "to further the development of the film to its full potentialities. . . . As its first project, the Alliance has arranged a series of film previews of new distinguished films in their original version." This series will be run off, for patrons only, at the New School for Social Research. The first showing was of the new René Clair film, "The Last Millionaire."

Mary Fox, executive secretary of the League for Industrial Democracy, writes that a Joint Committee to Aid the Herndon Defense has been formed, composed of the following defense organizations: General Defense Committee (I.W.W.), International Labor Defense, League for Industrial Democracy, League of Struggle for Negro Rights, National Committee for Defense of Political Prisoners, and the Non-Partisan Labor Defense. The efforts of this committee are directed toward building wide support for the defense of Angelo Herndon, sentenced to from eighteen to twenty years on the chain gang for "attempting to incite insurrection" in the state of Georgia. The law under which he was convicted was passed in 1866 to deal with dangers arising out of the Civil War. Evidence introduced against Herndon consisted of some verbal testimony and various documents found on him which stated the position of the Communist Party on certain questions. Miss Fox writes: "The Supreme Court will once more deliberate as to whether it can hear the case. [It refused last spring to accept it because of a technicality.] But whatever its action in the matter, there is imperative need of widespread support in the appeal to Governor Talmadge and in the fight against repressive gag laws of which this infamous 'insurrection' law in Georgia is a glaring example." New Republic readers are asked to help in the distribution of a factual pamphlet published by the Committee, in the circularization of petitions to Governor Talmadge asking for the freedom of Herndon, and by sending contributions to Miss Mary Fox, Room 1105, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City.

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No More War, Yes?

Paths of Glory, a dramatization by Sidney Howard, from the novel by Humphrey Cobb. Plymouth Theatre, September 26, 1935.

YOU GET the impression, watching Mr. Sidney Howard's dramatization of Mr. Humphrey Cobb's "Paths of Glory," that you are present at a theatrical revival. There are the same soldiers, brisk walking, gray dawns, dugouts, signaling, gun-booms and shell-shrieks that the World War crop of plays used to show. And you wonder, accordingly, whether if you had seen this same production, people, scenery and all, ten years ago, you might not have thought it excellent and might not have been moved by it very much more than you are. You wonder, too, what the films, with their battlefields, fire, wide spaces and thunder, and their war themes, have done to the impression that this play might make on you.

The story of "Paths of Glory," briefly, deals with a celebrated general who, for the sake of glory, consents to try an attack where attacks have already twice failed. His rage at seeing his men also fail, though against insuperable odds, to carry out his design leads eventually to his ordering a court-martial. He insists on this in spite of all opposition. At the insistence of fellow officers the number of men to be shot for cowardice narrows down to three. One of these three is chosen for entirely personal reasons: an officer has a grudge against him and the soldier has dangerous evidence against the officer. The second, with two medals, is chosen by the mere wild chance of drawing lots. The scientific notions of a chooser pick out the third, the bravest soldier in the company, but syphilitic and without family. In sum, one of these three fine fighters is to be shot through enmity, one through ballot, one through theory. There is a military trial, a mere farce, and in the end the three men are shot. The crazed heroic bully of a general is thus reëstablished in the world's eyes.

As for me, I found this story of interest. I knew, of course, that it should have been really horrible, which it was not. But as the scenes progressed, a certain ironic brutality shook me somewhat, and there appeared a genuine suspense and concern as to characters seen working together with fateful events. In "Paths of Glory" the fate consists in the system. That is to say the tragic end of the three men shot is due to an inflexible system, in which it is possible for the vanity and frenzy of an excitable and vain hero to bring about, without any power of remonstrance of their part, the deaths of three soldiers, not only innocent but courageous.

A Florentine said to me once that Cromwell's soldiers drank to the bottom of the ale mugs to see the face of the Savior depicted there. I never tried to answer that, although I knew what he was saying about our race. Florentine and ale aside, it is certainly clear that there are many who enjoy commingling pâté with protest at a subscription dinner of bad cooking, signatures and third-rate speeches. We all used once to hear of the young lady who liked to go to a sad play and eat candy and cry. Change the "cry" to "protest" and you will now be taken seriously. It follows, therefore, that a silly melodrama like "If This Be Treason"—the kind of play that most of the government ought to love, if only its sentiment grew more general as its climaxes and curtain grow more theatric and juvenile—it, to repeat (so as not to be involved like literature), follows that such a play will seem to many a thrilling attack on war, and as such to be doubly enjoyed.

The point that I am coming to about "Paths of Glory" is that many people could not enjoy it without taking it as an attack on war. To some of these, indeed, "If This Be Treason" will be but small pickings alongside this more recent play, since swallow-tails, typewriters and the White House allow them less pleasure than khaki, bombs, dugouts, and certain brutalities of war that have become as familiar to audiences as the stage Irishman, stage hobo, et cetera. I do not say that "Paths of Glory" is not a play intended to be against war, and to be taken as anti-war drama. As a matter of fact, taking it as an anti-war play, "Paths of Glory" deals not with war as a whole, it deals only with the defect of an excellence. The very element in "Paths of Glory" that makes the ironic tragedy possible is only the reverse end of what gives solidity, in crises, to military discipline. Say we have no military at all, no wars, very well. But if we do have it, this same type of breakdown in the system that "Paths of Glory" draws its drama from, will be found in any system. In the social field, it appears, for example, in the medical ethics of a hospital; in the natural field, in bird nests blown from trees. But to take an instance in either hospital or tree, and use it, isolated to itself, as anti-medical-ethics drama, or anti-wind drama, proves nothing. This does not mean that good dramas could not be written on these subjects. It merely means that as anti-medical-ethics or anti-wind drama they prove nothing. A defect in a system is merely to be expected—was anyone surprised when Pope said wretches hang that jurymen may dine?

As a play, a work of art, regardless of war, "Paths of Glory" has a certain harshness and superficiality that are due to its being built on a sheer impasse. It is obvious that given that particular general and the military system of authority, such a result may easily happen. And because of this fact, the dramatic crux is merely self-evident.

"Paths of Glory," as we see it at the Plymouth, provides some tense scenes as sheer theatre; some good directing; some good, if familiar in war plays, lighting; much good casting; and three or four cases of very excellent acting. These are ancient and high blessings in the theatre not to be despised. Some of the characters in "Paths of Glory" are written well. One of the main lacks, however, in the play is real speech, vibrant, deep and exact—the Shakespearean influence and cohabitation in the writing itself of "What Price Glory?" to take a good example, has never been quite sufficiently pointed out.

All through "Paths of Glory" the flutter about war pins the whole evening to a warm sense of wrong and change. Honestly, we could hardly believe that in our modern civilization war is allowed to exist, I heard a man in the lobby saying with gusto, but we still see how horrible it is. I just refuse to think of it, his grave but pretty companion said, just refuse, we must have faith, I've got a wonderful healer; he lives in Atlantic City.

STARK YOUNG.

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Fall Book Section

It Seems to More of Us

A NEWSPAPER columnist should never be mistaken for Marcel Proust or Henry James by the literary critics. He is part of the grimy workaday world; he is a man in a hurry, upon whom judgment ought to be passed by some A.A.U. official with a stopwatch; he is a soapboxer, holding a fretful, hard-boiled audience against the competition of roaring trucks, street cars, and comic strips and the sporting page; he is a philosopher cogitating at a hot-dog stand in Coney Island, a familiar essayist rambling and musing at a six-alarm fire; he is—well, anything but a lucky American novelist dreaming of Wisconsin in a quiet garden in southern France.

So it is a tribute to Heywood Broun, I believe, that these collected columns,[1] a good sample of his daily bicycle-race from 1925 to 1935, so often touch upon "literature." Since I labor over a daily column of my own, I can only marvel. Is there today a finer writer practising this bastard art in America than Heywood Broun?

"It seems to me no man can know life sufficiently until he has gone down into it—until, like a dog on a spring day, he has actually nozzled his way beneath the surface," says Broun in his essay on Bolitho. "It was as if two spent hourglasses should lunge and lock in final conflict," is his image of the old Clara Zetkin defying the old von Hindenburg. The suppressed poet peeps out in such phrases. And the poet contemplates chestnut trees, and Eugene Debs, and the first robin that flies north and dies of cold, and race horses at dawn, and the sea, and the old, old things that inspire poets, but never an overworked journalist. And because Heywood Broun, like Mark Twain, Will Rogers and other Americans, is a little ashamed of the deeper emotions, he sometimes lapses into sentimentality.

Yet indignation and wit, also the marks of a poet, redeem this columnist from his Yankee *Gemütlichkeit.* What is more, he does not waste his indignation and wit on the trivia chosen by time-serving American gagsters, but on the major enemies of life. His weapons are used in a great struggle. Heywood Broun is an old-fashioned American patriot. He is appalled to find his fatherland threatened by vulgar millionaires like Hearst, or racketeering demagogues like Huey Long and Father Coughlin. When he fights the enemies of democracy, Broun uses both fists and a keen brain; he holds back nothing: he is really a master of pamphleteering.

Column writing is the severest test I know of a man's fundamental character. There's not enough time in which to lie. The writer soon finds his level, and his readers discover it with him. The followers of Heywood Broun have watched a witty sports writer blunder and grow until he has become a national force for democracy in a time of threatening fascism.

The instinct for democracy was always there, even at three of a raucous morning at Tex Guinan's. Some of us did not care for Heywood Broun in his night-club phase. It seemed to us, not a moral, but an esthetic flaw in his make-up. He was out of character among the flashy flyweights of Broadway. But if the democratic instinct is so tough that it can survive even the night clubs, then we can be assured that easy-going America will fight hard when native Hitlers come into the open.

It was with the formation of the Newspaper Guild that Heywood Broun found himself completely. Until this historic event, Broun's social democracy had been only a generous and gallant emotion, akin to poetry. Broun was a Harvard man of the generation of John Reed. His radicalism, like Reed's in the beginning, had been a species of upper-class chivalry, peculiar to Harvard and the best thing that college ever gave to a minority of its students. But then Heywood Broun discovered that he and his beloved newspapermen needed security as much as the brick layers and cotton pickers. The fight for democracy also demanded the establishment of a union of newspapermen, to protect them from their friends—the publishers. It meant a great deal of drudgery, shrewd strategy, picketing, speaking and dirty work. Heywood Broun did it all gallantly and with his unquenchable good humor. He made new enemies for himself; but he made a new army of friends among the group he cared for most, the newspaper workers.

And now he is president of the Newspaper Guild; an able and hard-working labor leader, and what is rarer in America, a luminously honest one. It has matured him. He has become a bigger and better Broun. Formerly only Ralph Pulitzer was shocked to discover that his star columnist was more than a whimmer; now droves of "liberal" newspaper publishers are just as shocked. This is a great tribute, since business men only fear and respect power.

Broun has become an institution. His person no longer belongs to himself, but to a great cause. His name is a symbol, like Henri Barbusse's, of the united front. Like many newspaper men, Broun often mourns over the daily chore that has robbed him, and so many other talented men, of the deeper life of poetry. But being the leader of a great cause is a reward that hasn't come to many columnists.

Is it reward enough for a writer? No, every writer worth his salt will always want to go on exploring the mystery of his own talents. Heywood Broun compares himself to a frog lost in the deep well of daily journalism. I am of those who can mourn with him; but what I should like to point out to Broun is that he has never stopped being young and rash and experimental. Five years of

[1] It Seems to Me: 1925-1935, by Heywood Broun. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 347 pages. $2.50.

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politics and trade-union work have solidified his character. He is now finally equipped to give us a few good revolutionary novels; their theme, which he has learned in a real struggle, being the radicalization of the white-collar American in the crisis. Is there a bigger theme in current history or a better poet to portray it than the writer of these brilliant and burning sketches? If the publishers want a blurb for such a book, I should be happy to write it: "Heywood Broun is one of the white hopes of the young revolutionary literature of America, a man to be watched."

MICHAEL GOLD.

The New Indignation

Breakdown: The Collapse of Traditional Civilization, by Robert Briffault. New York: Coward-McCann. 342 pages. $2.

MESSRS. Coward-McCann are to be congratulated on reissuing Mr. Briffault's fine, strange book. Its value consists rather in a certain lyric note in its denunciation of contemporary society than in any exhaustive analysis of the economics or politics of capitalism. One might almost say that it is a sort of political poetry. And to say so would, surely, be to praise the book very highly. For what is more valuable, or more rare, than the poet's capacity, first to illumine and then to inflame, our minds? (Incidentally, is it not possible that that new form of literature for which American authors of the left are searching, I had almost said, so frantically, may turn out to consist in works of historical and psychological imagination such as this, rather than in either the novel or in verse?)

Mr. Briffault excels as a poet, a psychologist and above all as a novelist. He has a passionate and agonized consciousness of the outrageous wrongs of the mass of contemporary humanity. This is at once old-fashioned and wholly admirable. His book makes us realize how much a new-fashioned, pseudo-scientific inability to feel moral indignation has cost the contemporary author of the left.

Mr. Briffault's moral indignation is, however, of a new type. He has mastered the psychological advance of the last hundred years. Hence he is not condemned, as were the moralists of previous generations, to an impossible idealization of good qualities and an unconditional rejection of bad qualities. Indeed he has a nice appreciation of the necessary part that the dark forces within us must play in the evolution of human life. His chapter on "Moral Indignation" is one of the best things in the book. Mr. Briffault is exploring why, in spite of their evidently superior culture and knowledge and, in individual cases, their genuine disinterestedness, members of the ruling class cannot take effective action toward righting major contemporary wrongs. Of one such man of privilege Mr. Briffault writes:

> He may be sincerely impelled to dispense justice, to defend the sacred cause of mortal good. But he is incompetent to do so. He cannot, however sincere his intentions, be sufficiently angry and embittered, adequately filled with mean malice and hatred on account of injuries which he does not feel. Only the good-for-nothing people who are failures, who have not had sufficient prudence to become members of the privileged classes, can truly feel moral indignation, or defend the sacred cause of justice. . . . Only discontented, angry, envious people with their hearts full of bitterness and hatred are qualified to appreciate that situation adequately [the situation of contemporary class exploitation] to feel the full force of moral principles, the grandeur of the ideal of justice, the sublimity of ethical laws, and to give practical effect to these high sentiments. . . . The slaves, the bottom dogs, the lowest of the low are invariably in the right. Since the sublime moral and ethical values are nothing but the values arising out of social relations, between those who suffer from injustice and those who profit by it, the sufferers from injustice are the only legitimate representatives and mouthpieces of these sublime moral and ethical values. Their envy, their mean passions, their malice, their bitter and biased hatred are the direct source and expression of the "categorical imperative" of morality.

This analysis of the intertwinings of good and evil, of the inevitable birth of darkness, misery, horror and destruction from the culture and frequent amiability of the present ruling class and the equally inevitable birth of hope, life, justice and fraternity from the hatred, passion and prostration of the oppressed class, seems to me to be little less than an inspired application of dialectical thinking to the ethical field.

Upon many points, however, I find myself at variance with Mr. Briffault's presentation. And it is, perhaps, necessary to point out at least one of them. In certain passages Mr. Briffault presents the rationalist view of history in a way that is directly false. For example, he writes "All human works and deeds are the externalized reactions of human minds. The economic structure rests upon the mental structure." Again, "Soviet society does not rest upon an ideology, distorted, crippled. . . . " Indeed it does not. For Soviet society does not rest on any ideology, good or bad. On the contrary, Soviet ideology rests on Soviet society, on, namely, the common ownership of the means of production.

The inversion he makes of these matters leads Mr. Briffault to a misreading of European history. He suggests that class society springs from the mental, psychological stranglehold of the priests. The Marxist view is, on the contrary, that the division of society into a ruling and a ruled class sprang from the development of the means of production beyond the point to which they would yield a bare subsistence, and no more, to all. Until that time primitive, classless societies had been the inevitable social form. From that time onward class-divided societies became inevitable. For the means of production were sufficiently developed to maintain a small ruling minority in civilization, but were not yet sufficiently developed to bring civilization to all. And it was not until the nineteenth century that the development of the means of production became adequate to make a classless society again possible; for then they became adequate to give civilization to all. Engels remarks of the discovery of the materialist conception of history, "Now idealism was driven from its last refuge, the philosophy of history; now a materialistic conception of history was propounded, and the way found to explain man's consciousness of his being, instead of, as heretofore, his being of his consciousness."

Mr. Briffault is still in that "last refuge" of idealism. Hence readers should not suppose that his book accurately represents the Marxist view of history. But that should not prevent our appreciating its many excellences. No one who is not dead from the neck up, or indeed from the waist up (for the heart is as much in question here as the head), can fail to be the better for reading it.

JOHN STRACHEY.

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Sign for the Future

A Sign for Cain, by Grace Lumpkin. New York: Lee Furman. $2.50.

GRACE LUMPKIN'S first novel was published in 1932, at a time of intense, embittered and generally confused controversy on proletarian literature. Her second appears at a moment when that argument, in its original form at any rate, has been more or less abandoned, and when a truce, perhaps a truce of boredom, prevails. The issues it raised have not been settled, but discussion of them has grown wearisome and arid, primarily because the Marxists and their opponents have argued so persistently at cross purposes. "To Make My Bread," Miss Lumpkin's first novel, was one of the first creative contributions to these discussions, and as such it foreshadowed, in both its strength and weakness, the type of proletarian fiction published in the next few years—a novel about a defeated strike, ending with the realization on the part of the workers of the monumental difficulties they were up against. The pattern has been repeated so frequently that it has been in danger of becoming a formula, like novels of the soil or novels about pioneers. Miss Lumpkin's second novel is a venture into other fields, an attempt to apply a Marxian analysis to a typically demoralized Southern family of the landowning class, and to picture an experienced Communist organizer in action. It suggests, in a vivid way, the kind of writing that is likely to be produced when the proletarian novelists leave the circumscribed fields of unsuccessful strikes and industrial disputes and enter the complex realms where the class struggle is hidden in politeness and guile.

In almost all respects "A Sign for Cain" is a better book than "To Make My Bread." It lacks the forthright, unself-conscious air that gave Miss Lumpkin's first novel both the pathos and the power of a good folk tale; at times it seems definitely artificial and stagey. But to compensate for this it is much more consciously a political study—indeed, Miss Lumpkin seems to me to possess a clearer political understanding than any other American novelist. She understands politics, that is, not in the sense of interpreting partisan intrigues and maneuvers, but in the deeper sense of knowing how society—in this case rural and small-town Southern society—is organized and controlled; she understands that such simple entertainments as dinner parties can be analyzed as political gatherings, consolidating or strengthening class and group allegiances; she understands the way in which a union organizer works, the way he establishes his contacts and keeps them alive. These qualities, only suggested in "To Make My Bread," are clearly demonstrated here.

The story revolves around Dennis, an intelligent and patient Negro organizer who has returned from the North to the Gault plantation, a run-down place burdened with debts and a notable absence of charm. Dennis is, sometimes excessively, a political figure, a conscious leader who has a clear concept of his task. He intends to use the plantation, where he is known and where his mother is the Gault family cook, as a base while he organizes the sharecroppers of the countryside, but his first step is to make himself indispensable to the owner—even his friendliness and his concentration on his work are political in purpose. The organization that he secretly establishes among the sharecroppers is contrasted with the increasing disorganization of the landowners, as exemplified by the Gault family—one of the sons drinks heavily and neglects the plantation, a wealthy sister who is in a position to help them refuses to do so, the old colonel is dying of cancer, unable to take control. The book also includes such figures as Gault's daughter, a novelist whose experiences suggest those that Lauren Gilfillan described in "I Went to Pit College"; and the editor of a weekly newspaper, secretly a Communist, who helps Dennis and tries to protect him. The climax of the story comes when Gault's son demands money from his wealthy aunt and kills her when she refuses. Dennis is arrested for the murder. While the Negroes and their white supporters are sufficiently well organized to prevent a lynching, they are helpless when the murderer, fearing exposure if Dennis is released, enters his cell and kills him.

It is certainly no novelty to be told again that some sections of Southern society are in an advanced state of decay—William Faulkner has presented, even more vividly, households more demoralized than the Gaults. But the ruined household that Miss Lumpkin pictures is not, like that drawn in "The Sound and the Fury," a chaotic and patternless welter, a battleground of inflamed egos, revolting as a spectacle and morally offensive. It is a segment in a clearly defined and universal social structure. The decadence of Miss Lumpkin's characters means that they have become socially useless; the spitefulness and narrowness they develop means that they have become, not badly organized, but incapable of organization. Decay means the loss of purpose and ambition; it means an increasing dependence on the Negroes, emotionally as well as economically. Gault's son needs his Negro mistress for the simple reason that she is the only person, in a world of debtors and enemies, who looks up to him and is always glad to see him. Decay is in the whole story of the Gaults and their friends—a story of repeatedly frustrated attempts to draw together, to reform class lines that are shattered.

As a political document "A Sign for Cain" is an enlightening book. Its weaknesses as a novel are obvious, and arise principally from the fact that the characters are seen too narrowly in their social roles, that they are too consistently true to type, without the elements of waywardness and unpredictability that are as truly human possessions as eyes or class backgrounds. "A Sign for Cain" is in fact a kind of skeleton of a major work, the characters firmly outlined and located, a central situation carefully built up; but it remains a skeleton, for the living flesh of unexpected insights and poetic intuitions is lacking. Miss Lumpkin's characters speak almost exclusively in the language of the intellect; in their moments of crisis they say things that are logically relevant to the situation at hand. But they are seldom humanly guilty of those cracked or nonsensical or pompous or keen tangential observations that are uniquely true of them as individuals and emotionally relevant to their moods at the moment. When old Gault and his son discuss finances, for example, the conversation remains resolutely on that subject; what is said informs the reader on the character of their financial problems. No irrelevant bursts of anxiety, no slackening of concentration, interrupt to reveal another aspect of their personalities; nothing off the subject is said to suggest the bewilderments, the worries, accumulated reactions to personal experiences with which any human consciousness is charged.

But "A Sign for Cain" is a pioneering work, and its stereotyped characterizations do not invalidate Miss Lumpkin's contribution. She has shown that an analysis based on an understanding of the class struggle can throw its light on the commonplace activities of upper and middle-class life as well as on the explosions of violence during a strike. In the present status of the literary school with which she identifies herself, that demonstration is almost the most valuable that could be made.

ROBERT CANTWELL.

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Review by the Author

Russia Laughs, by Mikhail Zostchenko. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. $2.

AND WHAT, as Zostchenko would say himself, is the use of reviewing a book? There is the book, there are you. What else is there? Words. Talk. Metaphors and transitive verbs and a man can't even spit. Whew, as Zostchenko (himself) would say, better give up such a business. Leave such a business to the author. The author writes sketches, let him be shown writing a sketch—such for example as the one called "The Propagandist," from the book the reviewer is supposed to be reviewing. The sketch follows:

> Gregory Kossonossov, janitor at the aviation school, was returning to his village for his vacation.
>
> "Well, Comrade Kossonossov," his friends said to him before his departure, "since you are going to the country, see to it that you spread some propaganda. Tell the mujiks: 'We're developing aviation. . . .' Maybe the mujiks will take up a collection for an airplane."
>
> "Rest assured," said Kossonossov, "I'll agitate. Were it something else. . . . But aviation—don't worry, I'll tell them."
>
> Kossonossov arrived at the village in the fall and the very first day went to the village soviet.
>
> "I'd like to do some agitating," he said. "Since I've just come from the city, could we call a meeting?" . . .
>
> The following day the president called the men together in the fire barn.
>
> Gregory Kossonossov stepped out before them, took a bow, and, feeling shy because he wasn't accustomed to talking, began in a trembling voice:
>
> "That's how it is. . . ." said Kossonossov. "Aviation, comrades peasants. . . . You're a dark people, of course, so I'll tell you about politics first. . . . Say here, for instance, is Germany and there Kherson, here Russia and there . . . well, anyway. . . ."
>
> "What is it you're talking about, little one? . . ." The peasants couldn't grasp it.
>
> "About what?" Kossonossov was offended. "About aviation. . . . It's developing, aviation. . . . Here's Russia and here's China."
>
> The peasants listened somberly.
>
> "Don't hold back, don't waste our time!" called someone in the back of the hall.
>
> "I'm not holding back," said Kossonossov. "I'm talking about aviation. . . . It's developing, comrades peasants. I'll say nothing against it. What is—is. I won't argue. . . ."
>
> "Make it clearer," cried the president. "Come closer to the masses, comrade."
>
> Kossonossov stepped closer to the crowd and, crooking one leg over the other, began anew:
>
> "Well, this is how it is, comrades peasants. . . . First they build airplanes and afterward they fly them. Through the air, that is. Well, some planes won't stay up, of course. Will plump down. Take the flyer Comrade Ermilikin; he flew and flew, and then all of a sudden—*baz!* all his guts dropped out. . . ."
>
> "No wonder, it isn't a bird," said the mujiks.
>
> "That's what I say." Kossonossov brightened at this support. "Naturally it isn't a bird. A bird will fall—and no difference—shakes itself and flies on. . . . But with planes. . . . Another aviator, Comrade Mikhail Ivanovitch Popkov—he flew, everything went fine. And then, *baz!* something wrong with the motor . . . plumped down."
>
> "Yes?" asked the mujiks.
>
> "Yes, by God. . . . Or another—got tangled up in a tree, and hangs there. Got scared to death. Thinks it's the end. There are all kinds of happenings. . . . A cow once stumbled under the propeller. One, two—*zik, zik,* and she's in pieces. Where are the horns—where the belly?—can't tell them apart. . . . Sometimes it's dogs that get in the way."
>
> "Horses, too?" asked the men. "Could a horse, even, get caught, brother?"
>
> "Horses, too," said Kossonossov. "Very easily."
>
> "What scoundrels! May they lose their ears," said someone. "What they've invented! To hash horses! So that, brother, is what's developing?"
>
> "That's what I say," said Kossonossov. "It's developing, comrades peasants, so gather together and bring your offerings."
>
> "Offerings? For what?" asked the mujiks.
>
> "For an airplane," said Kossonossov.
>
> The mujiks, chuckling darkly to themselves, began dispersing.

So there it is and everything has been said. Except that the translation from Russian to English by Helena Clayton is a perfect lesson to all translators in making one language sound like another language without, so far as you can see, spilling a drop. O. F.

John Reed in Pictures

One of Us: The Story of John Reed, by Lynd Ward and Granville Hicks. New York: Equinox Coöperative Press. 60 pages, illustrated. $2.

LYND WARD, who has carved novels in wood, once more turns the tables on the writers. For here again the artist is the main show. "One of Us: The Story of John Reed" is a "pictorial biography" in thirty lithographs. The brilliantly compact narrative of Granville Hicks, running page for page with the drawings, is intentionally subordinate. Even so, he is the most illuminating writer of supporting text that an artist-author was ever blessed with.

As biography, the lithographs are most effective. They convey a vivid sense of the turbulence and immense range of John Reed's career. The incidents are well chosen. There are three Harvard drawings — Reed as freshman-playboy, as poet-editor (aristocrats with raised eyebrows in the background), as cheer-leader. There is Reed on the cattle boat (perhaps the best plate in the book); with Villa in Mexico; with Big Bill at Mabel Dodge's; at Ludlow; in the hands of the law; on the various fronts; in prison; with Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin. And finally there is the great funeral by the Kremlin.

The drawings as likenesses, though perhaps they miss something of Reed's deviltry, the way his body moved and, especially, his hands, seem to me adequate and occasionally (Plates 7, 19, 20, 22) remarkable reconstructions. As art, they are technically proficient and magnificently reproduced. They will doubtless please the Benton-Craven school, to whom three-dimensional organization is so important. For these drawings are careful compositions. They will also please the literary art experts of the left, to whom art is so largely an affair of revolutionary subject matter.

Those, like the present reviewer, to whom art is primarily a record of the artist, with esthetic quality and originality the essential criteria, may possibly feel, as I do, that all academies, including even the Modern Academy on which these drawings so heavily lean, need nothing so much as to be banished. ROBERT HALLOWELL.

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A Check List of Early Fall Books

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

THE PRIVATE JOURNAL OF HENRI FREDERIC AMIEL (Macmillan, $3.50). A completely new and much expanded edition of the famous Swiss journal, translated by Van Wyck Brooks and his son.

POOR JOHN FITCH, by Thomas Boyd (Putnam's, $3). The biography of a crabbed and strange inventor, born out of his time.

THOMAS MORE, by R. W. Chambers (Harcourt, Brace, $3.75). The life and mind of a stalwart rebel, the original Utopian.

LIFE WITH FATHER, by Clarence Day (Knopf, $2). The early years of Clarence Day.

AFRICA DANCES, by Geoffrey Gorer (Knopf, $3.50). Travels through West Africa in search of native dance forms.

GREEN HILLS OF AFRICA, by Ernest Hemingway (Scribner's, $2.75). Into darkest Africa, to hunt and hate the critics.

ULYSSES S. GRANT, POLITICIAN, by William B. Hesseltine (Dodd, Mead, $4). A good biography of President (not General) Grant.

FACING TWO WAYS, by Baroness Shidzué Ishimoto (Farrar and Rinehart, $3.50). The social education of a Japanese.

JANE ADDAMS, by James Weber Linn (Appleton-Century, $3.50). The authorized life of a social pioneer, written by her nephew.

VACHEL LINDSAY, by Edgar Lee Masters (Scribner's, $3). A biography, with special reference to the business of being a poet in America.

DWIGHT MORROW, by Harold Nicolson (Harcourt, Brace, $3.75). A genteel biography of a great banker who died troubled by idealism.

SINGING IN THE WILDERNESS, by Donald Culross Peattie (Putnam's, $2.50). A tribute to Audubon, American naturalist.

BLACK TENTS OF ARABIA, by Carl R. Raswan (Little, Brown, $4). A traveler and horse trader writes about his dealings with the Arabs, well.

ASYLUM, by William Seabrook (Harcourt, Brace, $2). An account of Mr. Seabrook's time in the madhouse; candid, engaging.

THE SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM, by T. E. Shaw (Doubleday, Doran, $5). The self-explanation of Lawrence, a great drama.

EUGENE O'NEILL, by Richard Dana Skinner (Longmans, Green, $2). Writing from the Catholic point of view, Mr. Skinner blows up a number of theories about O'Neill's life and work.

THE STREET I KNOW, by Harold E. Stearns (Lee Furman, $2.75). Voice from the dead Bohemians.

MARK TWAIN: THE MAN AND HIS WORK, by Edward Wagenknecht (Yale U., $3.50). A "common sense" analysis of one of the first Americans, based on his life and writings.

THE UNMAKING OF A RUSSIAN, by Nicholas Wreden (Norton, $3). An escape from the Soviets of Civil War Russia, with no malice and much valuable observation.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTLAND AND THE ISLES, by Stefan Zweig (Viking, $3.50). The old historical puzzle with an impassioned and lyrical cast.

FICTION

KING COFFIN, by Conrad Aiken (Scribner's, $2.50). A study, in well tempered fiction, of a man who planned a murder.

MOTTKE THE THIEF, by Sholem Asch (Putnam's, $2.50). Adventures of a Jewish vagabond who wanted to be respectable.

EUROPA, by Robert Briffault (Scribner's, $2.75). Aristocratic life from 1900 to 1914: the last days of Pompeii.

THE STARS LOOK DOWN, by A. J. Cronin (Little, Brown, $2.50). Thirty years of miners and mine-owners in England; a novel of size and weight.

HONEY IN THE HORN, by H. L. Davis (Harper's, $2.50). The homesteading period in Oregon, color and tall stories as American as chewing tobacco.

VEIN OF IRON, by Ellen Glasgow (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). The lives and stubborn strength of some Scotch-Americans in Virginia.

A SIGN FOR CAIN, by Grace Lumpkin (Lee Furman, $2.50). Reviewed in this issue.

BUTTERFIELD 8, by John O'Hara (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). A gin-soaked tough-and-tender story that calls to mind the life and death of Starr Faithful.

THE WORLD FROM BELOW, by Jules Romains (Knopf, $3). Another instalment of Romains' novel, better reading than the last.

FROM THE KINGDOM OF NECESSITY, by Isidor Schneider (Putnam's, $2.50). New York seen from below—and seen through the eyes of a natural story teller.

PRO PATRIA, by Ramón J. Sender (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). A buck private of Spain in the retreat before Abd el Krim: a steamer-basket for the buck privates of Mussolini.

SEEDS OF TOMORROW, by Mikhail Sholokhov (Knopf, $2.50). A novel about collectivization in the Don region, covering the period of 1930.

DRAMA, VERSE AND CRITICISM

THE DOG BENEATH THE SKIN, by W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood (Random House, $1.50). A poetic play that contains some of Auden's wittiest writing.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL, by T. S. Eliot (Harcourt, Brace, $1). The tragedy of Thomas Becket.

PROLETARIAN LITERATURE IN THE UNITED STATES, edited by Granville Hicks, Michael Gold and others (International, $2.50). An anthology of revolutionary writing in the fields of fiction, poetry, criticism and the drama.

SOLSTICE AND OTHER POEMS, by Robinson Jeffers (Random House, $2.50). Two longish poems among twenty, by a man writing carefully, from a long way off.

THE COLLECTED PLAYS OF WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS (Macmillan, $3.50). Yeats to date, with revisions.

HISTORY AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY ENCYCLOPEDIA, edited by C F. Ansley (Columbia U. Press, $17.50). Some 2,000 three-column pages—about the last word in handy and universal reference.

THE HISTORY OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION, by Harry Elmer Barnes (Harcourt, Brace, $10). Two volumes of solid scholarship in the manner of the new history and the best liberal tradition.

IT SEEMS TO ME: 1925-1935, by Heywood Broun (Harcourt, Brace, $2.75). Reviewed in this issue.

THE POLITICAL INFLUENCE OF QUEEN VICTORIA, by Frank Hardie (Oxford, $3.50). A study of the influence of the Crown in Victorian England, with sound and pertinent conclusions.

THE WAR MEMOIRS OF ROBERT LANSING (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50). A source book on war in the making, and a giveaway.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS, by George Seldes (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.75). Proving, with plenty of documents and spirit, that there isn't any.

QUACK, QUACK! by Leonard Woolf (Harcourt, Brace, $2). Reviewed in this issue.

MY COUNTRY AND MY PEOPLE, by Lin Yutang (Reynal and Hitchcock-John Day, $3). Reviewed in this issue.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY

LIBERALISM AND SOCIAL ACTION, by John Dewey (Minton, Balch, $1.50). Lectures on the historic development of liberalism—a statement of intelligence vs. violence.

RACE DIFFERENCES, by Otto Klineberg (Harper's, $2.50). Makes the best use of the best that is known on the complex subject of racial differences—required reading in its field.

THE EVOLUTION OF MODERN PSYCHOLOGY, by Richard Müller-Freienfels (Yale U., $5). A survey, with criticisms, of the various psychological theories.

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Reply to the Yahoos

Quack, Quack! by Leonard Woolf. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 201 pages. $2.

MR. LEONARD WOOLF has performed an international service. He has written a book that sums up, in penetrating phrases, what humane people think and feel about the forces of fascist barbarism that are now loose in the world. "Quack, Quack!" has some of the mordant wit of "Candide" and the temperate humor of "In Praise of Folly." Mr. Woolf answers the threatening bludgeon of fascism with a fencing sword that strikes its mark again and again.

Civilization, for Mr. Woolf, is a layer of intelligence and decent feeling that has been built over the savage foundations of primordial human society. When civilizations are growing and developing, this layer is relatively firm. But in the course of their growth there comes a critical period, when the active minority who have pushed forward with art and science and humane ways, on the basis of their privileged control of wealth, must either share the fruits of this effort or else attempt to protect themselves from the demands and encroachments of the common people. This sharing involves a renunciation of class privileges. The alternative means a renunciation of civilization, for the only way in which the ruling castes can hold on to their material power is by summoning to their aid the very barbarians whom they should subject to humane discipline.

The symptoms of our defensive relapse into barbarism are manifold. The Fascists despise the intellect and uphold the raw assertion of the more brutal instincts: they assail the power of ideas in their very act of giving fresh power to the crudest counterfeits of thought, wishful science, delusions, mass-stupefications: they rouse hatred against those who would assist the economic and social emancipation of the masses and parade as a public duty the performance of magical rites and ordeals, such as the selection of scapegoats, the burning of books, the performance of endless military drill. In short, they put a taboo on all the specifically human activities of society, except in so far as they can be twisted into deifying the Duce or the Führer and giving a mystic sanctity to his moral and intellectual limitations.

Mr. Woolf treats this phenomenon in both its political and its intellectual phases—in the dynamic quackery of a Hitler and a Mussolini, and in the more insidious quackery, which involves treason to their office, of the pompous Keyserling or the apoplectic Spengler. The leaders in both the temporal and the spiritual camps despise reason, because it is their opponent, and they seek to extirpate their opponents because these embody the challenge of reason. Except for a curious unfairness in putting Bergson in the same camp as Nietzsche, Carlyle, Spengler or Keyserling, Mr. Woolf scores brilliantly in his criticism of both wings of the barbarian army; all the more because he is conscious of its more subtle allies in his own country. The prick of his rapier causes the sawdust to trickle out from the Fascist heads and the wind to be expelled, with a loud ironic noise, from their inflated and bemedaled chests.

One does fascism too much honor (and the human spirit too little) when one takes it seriously. Mr. Woolf has chosen for this critique of fascism the one weapon that is absent from its arsenal—the weapon of laughter. There was wisdom in that choice. The humorless paranoia of the Nazis and Fascists feeds on direct attack: suspicion, hatred, violence, mass-manias and collective fears are its very meat and drink. Indeed, when the Communists adopted the same tactics in Germany they were completely swallowed up, and thousands of their followers drifted from their camp to their opponents' without even perceiving the difference. For fascism obtains its temporary hold over large bodies of people by a sort of collective hypnosis, which deprives them of their civilizing interests and attitudes and throws them into the funny rigid postures of a cataleptic trance. In this state of paralysis decent human beings may be led to believe that animal ferocity is the same as human power, that mechanical obedience is the same as coöperative discipline, and that the spiritual masturbation of nationalism furnishes proof of a community's collective potency.

But that trance and that nightmare will not last forever: for the civilizing forces, the tenderness of mothers, the gayety of children, the sympathy of friends, are as deeply rooted in human nature as the perversions and atavisms that lead backward into barbarian attitudes. And perhaps the greatest of civilizing forces is laughter, the response of what is vital and, according to Bergson, organic to what is mechanical and brutal and therefore profoundly inhuman. What normal human being can look at the grimacing mug of Mussolini in Mr. Woolf's illustration, or the tin-soldier stare of Hitler, without having an uncontrollable impulse to laugh? Fortunately, laughter is infectious. By itself it will not defeat fascism; but it may relax the tensions sufficiently to permit the forces of civilization to gather together for more important business, not simply the direct fighting of the Fascists, but the removal of those injustices and exploitations and inequalities whose sordid defense occasions this lapse into barbarism.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Face, Fate and Favor

My Country and My People, by Lin Yutang. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock (A John Day Book). 382 pages. $3.

MY COUNTRY AND MY PEOPLE" is a book in which charm is touched with pathos. Mr. Lin sees the Chinese as an old people come to the autumn of its natural life, "in which green is mixed with gold and sadness is mixed with joy, and hope is mixed with reminiscence." The tragedy is that this ancient people, repository of the richest experience, culture and art in the world, has become the prey of new forces and younger races, in the face of which its old philosophy of good nature, moderation and sweet reasonableness in the use of life becomes futile. The Chinese civilization was realistically humanistic, yet it never subscribed to the Greek and Renaissance ideal of the development of the full powers of the individual, preferring rather "the enjoyment of a simple rural life, together with the harmony of social relationships." At the same time the effect of "the spirit of reasonableness and its consequent hatred of logical extremes has been that the Chinese as a race are unable to have any faith in a system." Accordingly the Chinese have failed to develop the national strength that comes from hero worship on one side, or popular governmental institutions on the other. One exception to the former may be found in the career of Sun Yat-sen, and to the latter in the success of the Communists in organizing the several provinces they have controlled. Indeed, Mr. Lin notes that in spite of the essential conservatism of the people, "China may yet be driven to communism, if the champions of conservatism cannot prove themselves worthy to find a way out for China."

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Mr. Lin was educated in missionary schools and thus understands the Western point of view, to which he subjects the culture, art and literature of his own people for explanation. He brings out with admirable clearness the religious values of Confucianism, of the Taoism of Lao-tse, and of Buddhism, the first supplying the practical ethics of a classical decorum, the second, the spiritual release into a world of human meanings, and the third, the element of ecclesiastical organization and ceremonies with supernatural sanctions. He indicates courteously but clearly his opinion that Christianity has no message for China. His discussion of Chinese poetry, painting and architecture is remarkably illuminating in its reference of their peculiar charm to the reflection of the forms and rhythms of nature. In his study of the Chinese character, mind and way of life he is most revealing.

Writing for a Western audience, Mr. Lin naturally falls into comparisons and contrasts. Especially in his account of the social and political life of China there are parallels which he enforces with an irony that seems quite without guile. He finds the social forces that rule China are face, fate and favor. The American defies fate, but to face and favor he yields, though with a less cynically conscious acceptance of them than the Oriental. Mr. Lin writes of the Chinese official who drives at the rate of sixty miles an hour, against the traffic regulation of thirty-five, gaining face thereby; who hits a passerby and merely hands the policeman his card, gaining more face; who, if the policeman is recalcitrant, bawls him out, and if taken to the station has the policeman dismissed, when his face "becomes truly beatific." All this has a strangely familiar ring. The managing editor of a great New York newspaper, entertaining friends before a prize fight, let them linger too long at the table and had Fifth Avenue cleared for his car by a motorcycle guard, thereby gaining vast face with guests and populace. Mr. Lin notes the case of two college professors who were arrested "for the ludicrously insignificant offense of some incautious remarks, and their relatives had no better way than to go to their provincial capital and plead with the military chief of the province for 'favor.'" This too has a very reminiscent sound to the American reader. Favor is the "personal relationship between the man in power and the man in need of protection." In this country we call it "the fix." And who will deny the applicability to America of the Confucian maxim from the Book of Rites: "Courtesy is not extended to commoners, and punishment is not served up to lords."

Mr. Lin is equally ironical in his parallel between the Confucian idea of "government by gentlemen" and the political idealism which takes the form of Ruskin's "government by the wise and kind" or the benevolent fascism of Carlyle. He argues for the substitution of a government by laws for the rule in which disinterestedness so regularly gives place to face and favor. But he is obviously aware that laws and constitutions may become empty forms in China as in the West. When he writes of the danger to democracy in the rule of words instead of meanings he is surely not unaware of his implications. When he cites a statement by an important political party: "Whoever violates our national sovereignty and invades our territory, we will drive them out! Whoever endangers the peace of this world, we will stop them! We are determined . . . we are resolved . . . we must unite!" he seems to be quoting from any one of our own party platforms. When he writes that "Anything is permissible so long as you call it by the wrong name," he may well be thinking of Liberty Bonds, Liberty Halls or Liberty Leagues. Perhaps his stern remedy for the political and social ills of China has a remote application to ourselves. "What China needs, then, is not more morals but more prisons for politicians. . . . What China needs is neither benevolence, nor righteousness, nor honor, but simple justice, or the courage to shoot those officials who are neither benevolent, nor righteous, nor honorable." As this, however, would be to destroy the government by force and violence, the suggestion must not be seriously entertained.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

My Grandmother vs. Mr. O'Brien

The Best Short Stories: 1935, edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

MY GRANDMOTHER likes stories but she hates books. If she ever ran into Mr. O'Brien she'd probably sniff and she might slap his face. I wish my grandmother could write this review: it wouldn't be fair but it would certainly be sensible and straight to the point. Some of the twenty-seven stories in this latest collection of Mr. O'Brien's I am sure the old lady would like, but the book as a whole would give her a pain in the choler.

To begin with, I would never dare show her Mr. O'Brien's introduction. The very first sentence would get her dander up. "This year I find myself compelled to comment on a new and serious tendency in contemporary American letters." I can almost hear her—"Finds himself compelled, indeed! Hfff! Who compels him, I'd like to know? Why, the man's a fool! What's he blathering about?" My grandmother, as you can see, is a little quick on the trigger, but I must admit that if I could persuade her to read the introduction through to the end, she would see no reason to cease fire or to change her aim. Mr. O'Brien's anxiety lest political allegiance ("either to the Quirinal or to Moscow") should corrupt the young American short-story writer's art would merely move her to a scornful snort, if she could be made to understand what his anxiety was about. At his solemn admonition: "I propose to say at once that political preoccupation on the part of the writer will limit his art, render it more sterile, and eventually extinguish it," she would mutter something like "Good riddance to bad rubbish."

But what would the old lady's expression become when she ran into this introductory gesture (apropos of one of Mr. O'Brien's current "discoveries"): "Not only are its conceptions of the American scene entirely new, but its technical means of presenting these conceptions are extremely subtle in texture." That would just about destroy her. "Extremely subtle in texture!" How she would murmur it to herself, knitting at twice her usual speed. Why, you wouldn't find any of those sappy New York critics getting off anything more magniloquently piffling. My grandmother calls that kind of thing pink slush.

And yes, I must confess that if she read "The Best Short Stories: 1935" as a book—one story right after another, the way I read them—she might make some ribaldly old-ladylike remarks that would not look kind in print. It would not be beyond her to suggest that what the authors and most of their characters really needed was a good dose of salts; that they seemed to live in a daze, killed themselves at the slightest excuse and could never make up their minds to *do* anything unless they were drunk or momenta-

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rily stiffened with rage. A few of these stories would make her very angry; most she would dismiss as trashy; a very few she would like. One that would annoy her extremely is Whit Burnett's "Division"—the plodding chronicle of a Western boy who thought he was a poet. She would consider it much too long, unmercifully dull, and pointless. And studded with five-dollar words like "anamnestic" and "suant," and sentences like: "She was tentatively entering into conversation but, the young man noticed, now and then she smiled, and clearly and youthfully, too, a laugh-note came." My grandmother wouldn't like that.

She would be unimpressed by William Saroyan's vociferous shouts to watch him while he breathed. His revised version of Christ calming the tempest ("Ah, that was lovely, that love of death was lovely, Jesus loving it: calm yourselves, boys, God damn you, calm yourselves, why are you afraid?") might startle her, but so would any sudden loud noise. I think she would sum up Saroyan in his own words: "Sense? There was none. But glory. There was an abundance of it." The Faulkner example that Mr. O'Brien has chosen would remind her of one of Kipling's Pyecroft stories—"but not so good as Kipling"; and she would not approve of Mr. Faulkner's making the President of the United States say, "It does seem like they would," even fretfully. Erskine Caldwell's little messengered melodrama would simply make her yawn.

But in spite of the bad name that Morley Callaghan has with the better critics, my grandmother would approve his story about the cast-off father come home to visit his infant son; although it is not her kind of thing she would like Elma Godchaux's tale about the "Wild Nigger"; she would put her almost unqualified O. K. on Allan Seager's "This Town and Salamanca"—though she might try to hedge if she remembered that this was the story whose technique was "extremely subtle in texture"; Dorothy McCleary's "Sunday Morning" would suit her down to the ground.

There is no use disguising the fact that my grandmother is not a critic, in the professional sense; critical she most certainly is. It is true, too, that she expresses her criticisms in an argot that is quite as provincial as she would consider Mr. O'Brien's highfalutin. Actually there is not much difference between Mr. O'Brien's solemnly stated standards and my grandmother's implicit ones. He wants "organic substance" in his fiction—"that is to say, substance in which the pulse of life is beating." My grandmother would never be seen dead in such phrases, but what she really wants is the same stuff. What's more, she knows it when she sees it. What she cannot stand is nonsense, flummery, pretentiousness. She likes stories, yes, and they can be as made-up as you like or as everyday—but they've got to submit to the stern verdict of my grandmother's conscience (I might call it artistic taste, but she wouldn't admit she had such a thing). What it really comes down to, you see, is a comparison between Mr. O'Brien's taste and hers. And it isn't just family loyalty that makes me side with my grandmother.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

Novels No End

The Green Corn Rebellion, by William Cunningham. New York: The Vanguard Press. $2.

TO THE LITERARY EDITOR: When I was at Commonwealth College last spring, I picked up in an idle moment a Ph.D. thesis lying around that was called "The Green Corn Rebellion." It was written by some kid who had neither understanding of social history nor sympathy for victims of social injustice. He was just a kid who had heard of the anti-draft uprising during the last war; it had happened all around him—in Oklahoma, in western Arkansas, in northern Texas; older men were still talking about it. When the time came for the kid to write a thesis, he simply picked this subject, looked up the court records, looked up files of old newspapers (there was very little about it in the newspapers—the nation being in a fury of Hun-destroying), talked to some of the men who had been in it; and then wrote a dry, cold, terribly un-understanding account of it. It made me furious when I read it, because in spite of his unconcern with the subject, the drama shone through.

You could see these forlorn farmers who had not been farmers very long and therefore were not quite so beaten as were the farmers of other parts; men to whom a life was not a very important thing—they killed Indians, they killed Negroes, they killed each other—almost spontaneously rise in protest against the thing they were ordered to do from Washington: kill some far-away, almost mythical Germans on the other side of the world. You could see men talking to each other, at first almost idly, in the evening when the day's work was done; you could see the few idealists for once listened to; you could see them exciting the usually apathetic farmers; you could see the organizers (some of them the I.W.W.'s, wandered down from the Coast) for once talking to receptive men; you could see that insanely beautiful thing, the Working Class Union, as indigenous as sagebrush, grow to almost three-quarters of a million men, all ready to march on Washington and take away the government from the shrewd madmen there. Few arms; the ammunition from Montgomery Ward. They were going to feed on the steers they found on the way, which they were going to roast in pits, and they were going to drive wagons of green roasting corn to eat along with meat.

The preparations. The secret meetings. Country against town. The threats of lynchings. Telegraph wires cut. Bridges burned. And then the uprising that hardly materialized at all, because stool pigeons got into the meetings, because the organizers had neither time nor ability to organize, because the whole thing was a dream and dreams never materialize—but it was a beautiful dream; it was something to remember. And since nobody had heard of it—it was seen to that nobody *should* hear of it—I looked forward to "The Green Corn Rebellion" by William Cunningham. I thought that he, a native Oklahoman, an instructor at Commonwealth College, a man of revolutionary sympathies, could not possibly fail to see the significance of it.

Well, maybe he saw and maybe he didn't. You'd never know by reading the book. What Mr. Cunningham is interested in is writing a novel about a man called Jim who didn't love his wife, but who loved his sister-in-law, and this sister-in-law loved a boy from town, and this boy gave her a baby and he gave her a foul disease, and she killed

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herself. And there was a man called Mack who once had had a sway-back horse and he loved to talk about it; and since there was once a good novel called "Tobacco Road" about a man called Jeeter who hardly ever took a bath, Mr. Cunningham has a man called Ted who simply never takes a bath and stinks so that nobody will come near him. And a novel has to have sex and Mr. Cunningham certainly gives it sex and sweat and stink until you think the whole Oklahoma plain is one bad breath. Oh yes, there is something in the last sixty pages about how the boys got the guns and went on a hillside to meet the other farmers to march on Washington, and how nothing happened, and Jim got blackmailed to go into the army because. . . . (It's much too complicated.)

I don't know why I get so indignant about this book, except maybe because I get angry when I see anything wasted. The novel is a difficult form; the novel is a form to be used for a certain kind of expression; it is not to be used to tell plain facts. What the American working class needs is a history of itself; it has to be told that it exists, that it has existed for a long time, that whenever it was unbearably oppressed it revolted. It has to be given the same kind of confidence in itself that a man has who has a home—except that for the dispossessed the only home is in the mind, in dreams, in memories, in knowledge of the past.

I'm sending you back the book. Let somebody else review it. NATHAN ASCH.

Richard Savage, by Gwyn Jones. New York: The Viking Press. $2.

IN LITERARY history there is scarcely a figure more attractive to the novelist than that of Richard Savage, the eighteenth-century poet and rake. It seems incredible that anyone could write a long novel about him and still fail to bring him to life. In all that was said about him in his own time his face appears, dismal, arrogant, but always heroic, and this admiration that was granted him, usually back-handed or unconscious, was for no generosity or lasting achievement but only for the violence and variety of his career.

When Richard Savage was in his teens he discovered, or thought he discovered, that he was the illegitimate son of the Countess of Macclesfield. He set out to prove his claim, his attention apparently equally focused on mother-love and cash. He was taken up by the wits of the day, was used and flattered by men as opposed as Pope and Cibber, lived for a while in luxury and much longer in destitution, and was finally buried at the expense of his gaoler, his last friend and one whom, had Savage lived longer, he would probably have lost like the rest. The story is of a man driven by his own intemperance and obsessions, yet able to blame his failures on the world and to live gaily and at peace with himself.

In this novel the psychological necessities of the man are blurred in invented intrigue, and the scenes that might best have carried the terrific vigor and paradox of his character are either omitted or related second-hand, in interminable dialogue. That often in winter Savage slept in the ashes of glass furnaces comes through here as a cool biographical fact. We are told of the frantic night on which he murdered a man in a coffee-house only through a court record that smells of the British Museum. The few biographical inaccuracies in the novel are of little importance. What is unforgivable is the smothering of personality in the author's admirable if long-winded reproductions of

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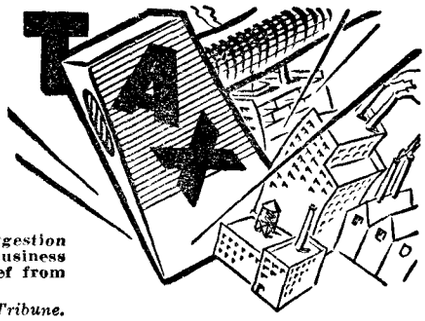

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eighteenth-century speech—nor is it much of an excuse that Pope, Hill and the ladies and gentlemen of the theatre survive this treatment with more blood in their veins than the man who inspired the book. ELEANOR CLARK.

Mistress of Mistresses, by E. R. Eddison. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

BRANCH CABELL, as Eddison's apologist-in-chief in this country, says of this novel that it is "the finest work of the finest living writer of pure romance." Admirers of "The Worm Ouroboros" will object to this broad statement: Eddison's first major work since the publication of "The Worm" some ten years ago—there have been two volumes of lesser importance in the meantime—lacks the grandeur, the cold strength and the remarkable visual brilliance of that book. "Mistress of Mistresses" has to do with some involved calculation, attended by much bloodshed and rhetoric, as to the nature of Aphrodite, harlot and virgin, more or less; as to matters of love and the symbols of love, and the nature of Aphrodite's lovers, also dual. It is a superb, senseless pageant of imaginary wars and ritualistic intrigue behind tottering thrones, full of amorous action and high language. And by the time of the death of the two-in-one hero and the gloomy triumph of the two-in-one heroine, it has become a considerable bafflement to the reader.

Eddison's book should please all his old admirers, if it does not satisfy them wholly, and should make some new ones for him. It will assuredly appeal to those who find more satisfaction in the beauties of the past and the sensuous contemplation of the pagan life than they would in any detective novel—though its appeal is essentially the same, simply filling the demands of minds of a different order. It is a perfectly beautiful book, with rare and barbaric illustrations by Keith Henderson—but, as to content, it is 463 pages of perfectly beautiful language about nothing in particular. GROFF CONKLIN.

The Voice of Bugle Ann, by MacKinlay Kantor. New York: Coward-McCann. $1.25.

THE RURAL sections of these United States—and particularly the Southeast—have produced what is probably the most refined as well as the most imaginative form of sport in the world: the one-gallus fox hunt or, as the hunters themselves say, "the fox race." In England and in the Eastern parts of the United States men "ride to hounds" and like to be in at the death. The one-gallus fox hunter prefers that the fox hole up, so that he may run another night. He follows the pack on foot as far as he can, then builds a fire and sits around throughout a whole night listening to the music of his hounds. In imagination he is following every moment of the race. That screaming chop means a strike, perhaps by a young dog, the deeper note means that the pack is rallying around Old Rock or Old Lady. He can tell what bit of country a fox is running over, can identify the particular thicket he is making for, knows the minute he takes to the bluffs and the wise old dogs run the top while the young hounds scream below.

MacKinlay Kantor, author of "Long Remember," has written in "The Voice of Bugle Ann" a short epic of this truly American sport. It is the story of a hound who had the perfect "mouth." At least such a trumpet had never before been heard in the valley where she was bred and old Spring Davis, her master, felt that the Lord had been good to let him live long enough to hear it. When Jacob

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Terry settled in the valley and put up woven-wire fences for sheep, the neighbors held an indignation meeting. When he not only refused to take the fences down but menaced the life of Bugle Ann, the neighbors knew that from then on the matter was between two men, Terry and Davis. Springfield Davis did three years in the penitentiary for killing Terry. Pardoned by the Governor at length, he comes home to hear tales of a fabulous hound who runs baying over the dark hills with the voice of Bugle Ann.

That is the sentimental framework of your story. It holds the interest, but one reads the book for the races, the sessions round the camp fire, the glimpses of Bugle Ann, whose master never allowed her to be bred and carried her home from each race in his arms. To me the most exciting moment was the time when old Spring, hunting the first night after his release, praises out of courtesy an indifferent "mouth" and the neighbors look at each other in consternation wondering if three years in the penitentiary have ruined the best ear in the valley.

CAROLINE GORDON.

The Grand Gennaro, by Garibaldi M. Lapolla. New York: The Vanguard Press. $2.50.

EVEN THOUGH you find Italians everywhere in America, you seldom meet them in American literature. American writers have ignored them almost completely. They themselves have produced no outstanding writers of fiction and few novelists of any type. Mr. Lapolla is undoubtedly one of the best.

His second novel deals with Gennaro Accuci, who left Italy as an uncouth peasant wearing his grandmother's earrings. Determined to "make America," he soon acquired the go-getting style of the successful capitalist; by hook and crook he established a profitable rag business, becoming known as the rag king of Harlem's Little Italy. Around him the author has grouped many other immigrants who settled in Harlem—some of them members of Gennaro's family, others Italians of middle-class origin who didn't "make America" and were compelled to sponge on Gennaro, although some of them regarded him with contempt. The minor characters are in some cases more convincing, though less spectacular, than the hero—particularly Mrs. Accuci, who could never get used to her husband's being an important man. The author has a tendency to melodramatize his materials, to buy excitement at the cost of accuracy. He hasn't the emotional sensitiveness of Harold Roth describing the Jews, or the dark-lensed photographic eye of a Farrell writing about the Irish, but still he succeeds in creating Italo-Americans who are vivid and alive and probably a novelty to the average person who, not knowing them intimately, is likely to draw his conclusions about them from the gangster movies.

JERRE MANGIONE.

Brothers Three, by John M. Oskison. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

WEAK, nostalgic, this book is the spit'n' image of all the farm-and-family novels that have appeared since the depression. The plot? Francis Olds, Oklahoma pioneer, dies shortly after the Armistice, leaving more than $300,000 worth of land and securities to his three sons—Tommy, Roger and Henry. Tommy and Roger stay in Oklahoma and lose their money in business and cattle deals. Henry, a newspaper man and freelance journalist in New York, sinks the rest in the stock market. There comes the Crash, which booms in all such

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novels liks German guns across the Channel. Tired out by his losses, by marital difficulties, by the city generally—which, for him, is equivalent to Central Park West, Wall Street and Westchester—Henry goes back to the farm. There, presumably, he will find comfort in the memory of a father who was stronger than he was. The author feels that there is a general meaning in all this, but the generality of people have no family acres to go back to. Moreover, since Henry leaves the city only after failing there, his return to Oklahoma is chiefly a symbol of his own inadequacy and dependence upon the past. The writing is nothing to boast about.

JEROME MELLQUIST.

A House Too Old, by Mark Schorer. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.50.

WHEN THE fugitive Hungarian, Count Augustin Karanszcy, staked his claim on the bank of a Wisconsin river in 1835, it was with the dream of an interdependent community where all men might be brothers in freedom. With him came Kahlansz, a cousin, and Hauser, a young Bavarian, they too weary of injustice and inequality, seeking opportunity. The town of Karanszcy grew and, as it grew, its founder's dream was killed by greed. The count, defeated in his effort to maintain a communal society among the Germans who settled the fertile valley, fled westward; Hauser and Kahlansz stayed to get rich; the town became Sacton and forgot the dream completely.

This first novel chronicles Sacton's development in brief historical passages prefacing the five chapters. These chapters detail the miserly, hate-filled life of Hauser's daughter, Selma. Mr. Schorer's style is finished and frequently compelling, but the motives that drive his characters are often too patly dismissed, their actions are often too thoroughly predictable, and all of these people have been encountered before in American fiction. As an epigraph, the author quotes lines of Stephen Spender's, among them:

> oh young men oh young comrades
> it is too late now to stay in those houses
> your fathers built when they built you to build to breed
> money on money. . . .

But the author lingers not unlovingly in the house-too-old of Sacton; he probes for beauty under the hideous structure of avarice that Selma and her townsmen have erected. If Mr. Schorer believes the cure for Sacton's ills is to "advance and rebel" with Spender's young men, it is made evident only in the quotation; his story looks backwards and is filled with a romantic nostalgia for the time when Karanszcy stood "in radiant dream" above the river.

CARLTON BROWN.

Better Than Dying, by Robert Faherty. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

IN THIS Southern jail there is Warden Billy, patron of prostitutes and thugs; there is Ben Otto, pathetic, being railroaded to the chair on trumped-up evidence; the sheriff, a bad 'un, anxious to get Billy's job because that would facilitate an easy approach to the women convicts—and Albert the fawn, begging greens and roaming the jail at will. There are others. There is a jailbreak, engineered from the top, from the "inside"; there is a court scene, a visit to a "house." There are all the trappings for a realistic portrayal of life in a Southern jail. Nothing happens. Sugar and light walk the boards. The atmosphere is that of a club house; a bit seedy, granted. Albert, the baby

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deer, occasionally comes to life; the other characters seem unsure of their position. KENNETH PATCHEN.

Footnote to an Issue on Revolutionary Writing

Le Romantisme et le Socialisme en France, by H. J. Hunt. New York: The Oxford University Press. 400 pages. $5.

THE AUTHOR of this book patiently went through all the socialistic press that flourished in France between 1830 and 1848. From the utopian reformism of Saint-Simon, the Christian Socialism of Duchez, up to the outright advocates of class struggle, all these sects had esthetic doctrines and militant critics. The theories of these schools, the works they inspired, their influence on "bourgeois" literature, are the subject matter of Mr. Hunt's detailed study, which is written in French.

The first part of his book, devoted to criticism, is particularly interesting. It is a great lesson in modesty to contemporary critics. Utopians without number have formulated rigid appreciations of the writers of their time, demanding in a sullen tone, often with prophetic accents, that the writers should adopt a "socialistic" outlook. In their articles we find almost all the themes that have fired our own critics for the last five years—and after reading Mr. Hunt we must presume that they would have been less passionate if they had known that the object of their passion had been so much toyed with a century ago. The earlier Utopians demanded from art not only the lofty virtues of the innocent virgin, but also the talents of an accomplished Hausfrau. In their minds, art must be "in harmony with the time"; it achieves "glory by its usefulness"; pessimistic subjects should have no place in the Temple; at the same time, art must depict the decay of society and satirize "bourgeois pride and wickedness"; it must go out of its ivory towers and "paint life as it is." Nothing is missing: not even the prediction that the novel is doomed to perish, not even the advice given to writers not to abuse all this dogmatism, which would produce "dissertations" instead of dramas.

The saddest part of this story is that most of these early critics were right. It is true that Balzac was a reactionary, that Théophile Gautier was immoral, that Lamartine was a whimperer, that Stendhal did nothing to "cure the evils of society." But it is also true that without the work of a historian like Mr. Hunt the authors of all these true judgments would have remained in complete oblivion, along with the works that conformed to their ideals. The only positive result of this agitation seems to have been its influence on certain bourgeois writers, who either became for a time impregnated with socialism (like Hugo), or who, out of spite, began to cultivate art for art's sake after the defeat of 1848 (Leconte de l'Isle and Flaubert).

To say that the reason for this failure was the unripeness of the age would be only partly correct. Marx, who lived in Paris in 1843-44, at the very height of these discussions, never shared the Utopians' narrow-mindedness on art, nor was he duped by Eugène Sue, whom they acclaimed as a great genius. The real weakness of these pre-Marxian critics was their messianic tone, their bitter sectarianism, their perpetual striking of moral attitudes, their wealth of good intentions and lack of horse sense. Their progeny has survived, if not their writings.

NORBERT GUTERMAN.

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CONTRIBUTORS

VERA MICHELES DEAN is the editor of the Foreign Policy Association publications and prepares the Foreign Policy reports on Italy and the Soviet Union. She has recently returned from Geneva, where she followed the League discussions of the Italo-Ethiopian crisis.

JON CHEEVER has contributed to The New Republic, The Hound and Horn and The New Yorker.

MICHAEL GOLD writes a column for The Daily Worker. He is the author of "Jews Without Money" and, with Michael Blankfort, recently finished a play about John Brown. He is now writing a novel dealing with unemployment in New York City.

JOHN STRACHEY, author of "The Coming Struggle for Power" and "The Nature of Capitalist Crisis," has made frequent lecture tours in this country.

ROBERT CANTWELL is the author of two novels, "Laugh and Lie Down" and "The Land of Plenty." He is a frequent contributor to The New Republic, Time, Vanity Fair and other periodicals.

LEWIS MUMFORD is the author of many books and articles on art, literature and the social sciences. He is working on the second volume of his interpretation of modern civilization, which he hopes to have ready for publication in 1937.

NATHAN ASCH's fourth novel, "The Valley," has just been published by Macmillan.

ELEANOR CLARK was an editor of the Housatonic magazine. She is now working on a novel.

GROFF CONKLIN was co-editor, with Burton Rascoe, of "The Smart Set Anthology." He is on the editorial staff of the University of Chicago Press.

ROBERT HALLOWELL'S portrait of John Reed, painted for a memorial committee of Harvard alumni, was recently accepted by the University authorities and hung in Adams House.

JERRE MANGIONE is on the staff of Robert M. McBride and Company, and contributes reviews to The Partisan Review, The London Spectator and other magazines.

JEROME MELLQUIST has written for The New Republic, The Commonweal and The Saturday Review.

CARLTON BROWN, a writer of articles and short stories, has contributed to Esquire, The American Mercury, The New Yorker, etc.

KENNETH PATCHEN'S first book of poems, "Before the Brave," will be published next spring by Random House

CAROLINE GORDON is the author of two novels, "Penhally" and "Alex Maury, Sportsman."

NORBERT GUTERMAN studied philosophy and psychology at the Sorbonne under Janet and Dumas. He is now in this country studying social conditions.

EIGHT WOMEN POETS

LOUISE BOGAN was awarded a Guggenheim fellowship in 1933. She is the author of two books of verse, "Body of This Death" and "Dark Summer." A third, "Sleeping Fury," has been announced for publication in 1936.

MARYA ZATURENSKA is the author of "Threshold and Hearth," a book of verse published last fall by Macmillan. She contributes frequently to Poetry and other magazines.

EDA LOU WALTON, assistant professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University, is the author of "Dawn Boy," a book of verse.

PEARL ANDELSON SHERRY has published poems in The Dial, Poetry and other magazines, and is the author of a book of poems, "Fringe." She is now working on a novel.

MARIE DE L. WELCH, a California poet, has contributed to periodicals in this country and abroad. She is the author of two volumes of verse, "Of a Feather" and "Poems."

JOSEPHINE MILES, who is doing graduate work at the University of California, has published poems in The Saturday Review, The New Republic and Poetry.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD, who is teaching at Sarah Lawrence College in Bronxville, New York, is the author, among other books, of "The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson." Her most recent book of verse is "Not Mine to Finish."

HILDEGARDE FLANNER has contributed verse to Poetry, The Nation and other magazines. She is the author of "Time's Profile," a book of poems.

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